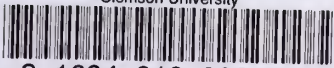
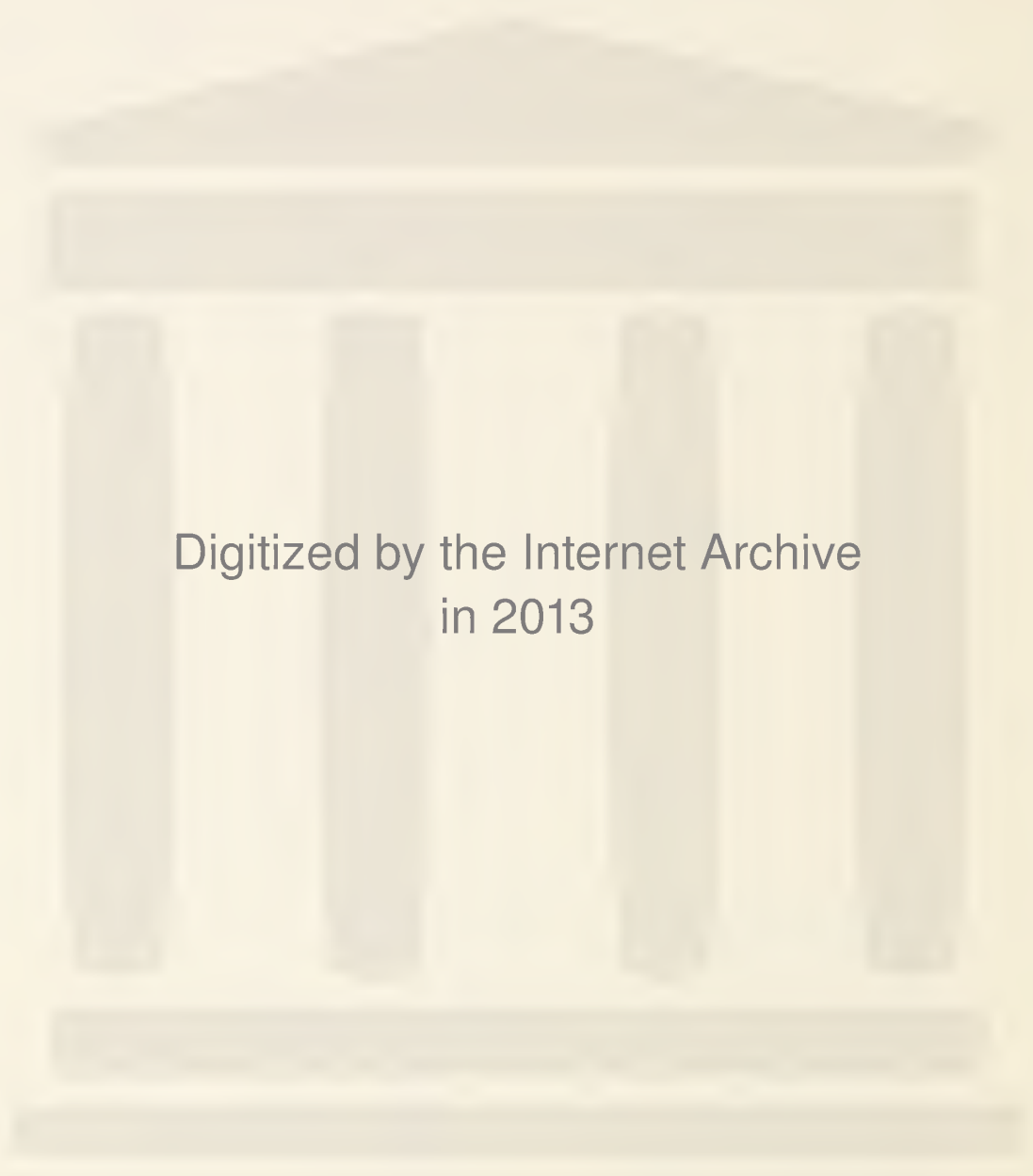


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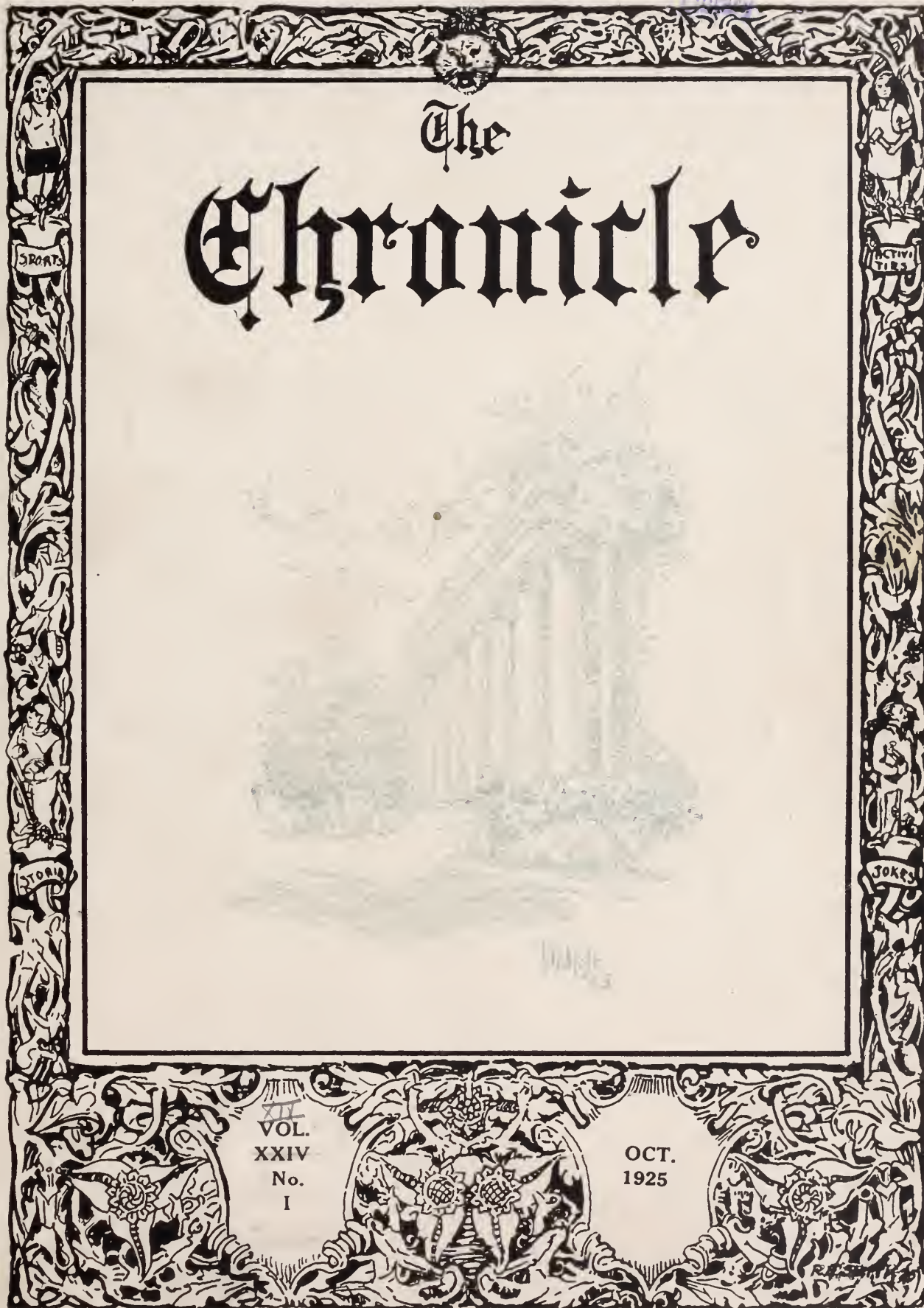
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Chronicle

Edited by FRED LEITZSEY

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THE BEGINNING OF A COLLEGE COURSE

DR. E. W. SIKES



HE ending is oft determined by the beginning. A bad beginning often terminates a student's career before it is determined whether or not he is college timber.

Clemson is primarily a vocational school. It ends with a definite purpose. But back of every vocation and underlying every profession there must be certain preliminary and preparatory work. There are certain habits a student should form his first year. Among these are the following:

First. Learn the mother-tongue—to speak it and write it correctly. Bad speech is a habit. Good speech is a habit. To speak the mother-tongue correctly and to write grammatically does not indicate any special mental endowment. It may mean only that you have kept company with people who speak it that way. The house-servant of antebellum days spoke the language of the mistress, even in emphasis, manner and tone. Those whose environment has been such that they have not acquired this habit of good speech should overcome it. This requires careful attention to one's own speech and to that of others. Keen observation with a trained ear will overcome the obstacles. Read a list of common errors of pronunciation. Does your friend make that error? How many mis-pronounced words do you hear daily? Train yourself. Students determine the spoken English of the college more than teachers do. Students should correct the errors of each other.

Mispronounced words and incorrect usage of nouns and verbs are a handicap to the most talented. It may not be a great virtue to speak correctly, but it is a tremendous handicap to mispronounce common words. It may be no great accomplishment to know the multiplication table, but it is a fearful handicap not to

know it. To know the Lord's Prayer may be a very easy thing, but not to know it argues limitations. Practice the correction of errors among yourselves.

Second. Read good literature. Acquire the habit of reading. Four years in college should introduce you to the great authors. Every week should introduce you to another book. Do not try to read the entire book. Dip into many. Make such acquaintances with them that when you have more leisure you will return to them. A book a week for thirty-six weeks means one hundred and forty-four books that you have handled or read. "Dip into" books. Go to the Library, read five minutes in a book you do not know. Be a discoverer. Break into books that you know not of. Do not await to be directed. The reading habit is formed just as any other habit is formed—namely by repeating the same operation over and over. One learns to like oysters by eating them. Olives have no fascination at first taste. The taste is acquired. So it is with reading. Read. Read something. Read anything. Read everything. Be a reader.

Third. Learn to write correctly. Reading makes a full man, but writing makes an exact man. Many a man is full of his subject, but he does not know it well enough to write it. Unless he can write it his audience is limited. The writer has an audience that is large,—larger than a speaker has. Clear writing makes clear thinking. Writing will sweep the cob-webs out of your brain. It will necessitate correct spelling and will compel you to use the dictionary. Keep a dictionary on your table. Consult it when in doubt. Consult it freely and frequently. You will learn something every time you consult your dictionary.

(Continued on page twenty-one)

A FISTIC ROMANCE

H. S. GAULT



RICHARD Norton drew up to the curb with the rumbling truck that he was driving and sounded the horn. From a neat bungalow in front of which he had stopped, came a vision of a short white dress, slender silken clad legs, and saucy bobbed hair, flying down the walk to the street.

"Lo Dot," said the driver of the truck. "Got to go down to the mill district to deliver some goods. Want to come along?"

"Righto, Dicky," replied the sweet young thing. "Was just wishing something would turn up." She clambered in beside him, and with a grating of gears they were off.

Dick Norton, son of Ralston's most prosperous hardware merchant, age seventeen, good looking, and somewhat of a "sheik," spent his summers working diligently for his father.

Dorothy Edmond, his first and only sweetheart, a modern flapper of sixteen summers, occupied the greater part of his leisure, and lots of his working time.

"Don't sit close to me", warned Dick as the truck sped on. "You'll get your dress dirty." Then with a note of pride in his voice, "You see Dot, it's hard for us working men to keep our clothes clean."

"I don't see what you want to drive this awful old thing all the time for," she pouted. "I hardly ever get to see you except at night."

"Oh, I don't have to work," bragged the industrious one, "I do it because it pleases Dad, and besides, I hate the thought of being a natural born loafer."

"Oh my brave hero," mocked the flapper. "works for the love of it."

Reaching his destination, Richard began unloading his goods. Having made out a bill of sale, he was leaving the building, bill in hand, when he saw another young man standing by his truck, hat in hand, talking to Dorothy.

"Meet Mr. Norton, Mr. Collins," said Doro-

thy by way of introduction as Dick walked up. Both men bowed politely while she continued, "You don't mind if I ride back with Harold in his roadster, do you Dick?"

"Why of course not," smiled Dicky, "Go right along; I'll see you tonight." They disappeared in a cloud of dust, while Norton cranked his blundering old truck and followed.

Collins was evidently making hay while the sun shone, for that night when Dick came whistling up the street, he was already sitting with Dot on her front porch. However, he took his departure soon after Norton's arrival.

"How do you like your new fellow?" asked Dick.

"Why I'm simply crazy about him," replied Dot.

"Aw, darn it Dot, he's older than either of us," remonstrated Dick.

"That's why I like him," replied she, "He's old enough to entertain me."

This was a cruel thrust to young Norton, and he winced under the blow.

"Now Dot, haven't I always treated you as nice as I knew how," pleaded Dick.

"Yes, that's just it Dicky-Bird," said she sweetly. "I'm really sorry I've hurt your feelings, but I don't get a bit of kick out of boys just being nice to me."

"Oh, so you want the kind of cave man stuff that whirls you off your feet and fairly takes your breath, do you?" questioned the young lover.

"Now you're talking Dicky," cried the fair one. "Why you should have heard Harold rave about my hair and eyes; and he's asked me to a dance tomorrow night at the country club."

"But Dot, you must not go," begged Dick. "Why those dances out there are only petting parties, and besides, all the men and most of the women get drunk. I'll get up a party of some kind if you'll stay away. That guy looks

like a bad egg to me anyhow."

"Now look here, Richard Norton!" exclaimed Dot. "I'm old enough to take care of myself, and besides if you can't come to see me and talk nice about my friends, you can stay away."

"I'm sorry Dot, but that's the way I feel about it," said Dick as he was leaving; but he was alone on the porch for Dot had already gone in.

The evening after the dance found Dick lounging in Tony's soda fountain just a block or two from his home. He still wore his khaki work clothes, and had all the outward appearance of a bum.

"Eif you'd been here las' night, you see some-thin' funny," confided the Italian proprietor of the place. "A bunch of swells from the country club drop in 'bout twelve and they 'was' tight. One 'feller' Collins could no walk and his 'gal' had to hold 'hem' up. He was plumb crazy and cuss all the time before the 'leetle leedie'."

Dick had heard enough, and without a word he rushed out of the place and raced up the street. Reaching the Y. M. C. A. he entered and looked wildly about. Seeing Collins talking to a group of boys he touched him on the arm and said, "May I speak to you?"

Collins winked at his friends and followed Norton to the other side of the room.

"Look here", gasped Dick, almost too mad for words, "I don't care for you beating my time with Miss Edmund, but I'm not going to have you acting ungentlemanly in her presence."

Collins, who was at least three years Dick's senior, and several inches taller, grinned, and said, "Well, my young dandy, what are you going to do about it?"

"Punch your ugly mug," growled Dick, suiting the action to the word.

Collins staggered back and clinching his fists made madly at his opponent. Dick skillfully dodged the blow aimed at his head and landed fairly on Collin's jaw; then with his left he drove straight to his opponents right eye. Both of Collin's hands went up to his face, for it was

no joke that this young boy, younger than he, could handle his fists. Wiping the blood from his face, Collins appeared to have quit. Dick dropped his badly bruised hands, and turned away. Collins, seeing his chance, drove a crashing blow behind Dick's ear. Dick fell to the floor and lay there for a moment collecting his wits; then, sensing what had happened, he sprang to his feet, and before the now fast gathering crowd could stop him, bore Collins to the floor before his furious onslaught and was battering him to a pulp when they finally tore him away. Without answering any questions Dick walked away and left the senseless rival to his fate.

Before washing the blood from his face, Dick went straight to the Edmund home and asked for Dorothy.

"Why Dicky, what in the world has happened?" exclaimed the horrified young lady, when she came to the door.

"This," replied Dick, touching the bruised place behind his ear, "is where your friend hit me while I wasn't looking, and I don't think he will be able to see you again for quite a while, either; and when he does, if he conducts himself as he did last night, I wouldn't advise him to remain in town." With these words he turned to leave, saying, "I only wanted to show you what kind of a man you picked to amuse you. Good night."

"Oh, you can't go yet," she cried. "Wait until I do something for your face." And taking his arm, she led him to a chair.

About two hours later, when Dick had repeated the story of his little encounter for the third time to the now penitent little girl, he said, "I was just wondering if you were still able to look after yourself?"

"Why of course not, silly, and especially when I have someone to take care of me." And drawing closer, she whispered, "Don't you want to kiss me, my Dicky-Bird? I think you deserve one." And Dicky did the best he could with his swollen face, without saying a word about soiling her dress.

SUNRISE FROM PIKE'S PEAK

W. L. MOISE

I do not think I've ever known
The glory of a summer morn
Until from Pike's Peak, far away
I saw the dawn burst into day.

Grim darkness seemed to take to flight
Like as a sneakthief in the night,
And azure skies blushed rosy pink
As Sol rose slowly o'er the brink.

Stern rocky towering Peak grew bright
In morn's resplendent holy light,
And seemed to soften as it shed
The gloomy robes of Morpheus' bed.

What wonder that all nature seemed
To sing aloud, as God's rays beamed
On dale and hill, afar and near,
And morn's fresh perfume filled the air?

I think this sight should thrill the soul
Make better men, with higher goal,
And with a benediction bless
Those it enfolds with soft caress.

It seemed to each of us to say
That after every night, comes day
Aflame with hope and strength and life
To fit us for our daily strife.

From this blest sunrise on the Peak
Our hearts shall inspiration seek,
And learn from vastness round about
The damming narrowness of doubt.

THAT TIGER TEAM

W. R. ELLIOTT



UR P. C. game is now past history but we cannot forget it for one second. The spirit of the Tiger, from the time he crawled forth from his lair until the sixty minutes of play had passed, will always remain in the minds of those who saw the spectacular encounter. The score alone does not explain what took place. Any team that is capable of making eighteen first downs to its opponents none is a fighting team. Of the sixty minutes allotted to this contest, Clemson outplayed P. C. for fifty-eight of them. The Blue Stockings blocked two punts for their two touchdowns, and during the rest of the game they were completely swept off their feet. The Tigers are green, but not so green that they are unable to make five first-downs and a touchdown in a single drive. Seven Tiger men played their first varsity game on September 26, 1925. If these lads did so well in their first contest, it is hard to say where they will stop in the second and third games. Never in the history of the college has the spirit been so good as it is today. Our motto is: "Never say die; but if we die, DIE FIGHTING!"

Tigers, the corp is with you—in front of you, and back of you! We know what difficulties you face, and we know that you will face and conquer each and everyone if it is in your power.

Much praise goes out to our brilliant coach and friend, "Bud" Saunders. He will bring Clemson back into the hall of fame before many moons have waned. Our machine will improve with use as our boys gradually become more experienced.

The Tigers are not only playing good, hard-fought football; they are beginning to stride

over the hills surrounding the Seneca in such a way as to remind one of Nurmi and Palova. Cross-Country is the most appropriately named sport in America, as everyone who runs over the six mile course will agree.

Clemson trains her coaches, as well as her runners, in this branch of athletics and she now has a true Tiger as a coach. Tommy Hart, of the class of 1925, and prominent as a member of last year's team, is the new mentor. Coach Hart had never participated in any form of athletics before entering Clemson, and he was not a naturally fitted or talented athlete; he made himself. If one man can do this, others can. Why don't we have more men trying out for our athletic teams, anyway? A quitter never wins, and a winner never quits. All things come to the man who tries and never gets discouraged.

Cross-Country is the sport for a green man to enter. If he makes the team he surely has possibilities and can eventually work himself on to higher glory. We want to have a team that will reflect credit upon the school, and we must have it if we keep our present high position in southern athletic circles. We know that we are the best in the state, but we are looking to a higher and nobler goal; we are striving for southern supremacy. Four war horses of the track have entered the arena, and many candidates are showing up well in the preliminaries.

The Armistice Day meet is slated for November 11th in Atlanta, and several other meets will be entered, although the dates have not yet been announced. Now let's get together, Tigers, and put out a winning team!



Do You Know Clemson ?



WHERE AND HOW CLEMSON BOYS ARE FED

This article is the first of a series of similar articles which we hope to present monthly to the readers of this magazine. It is the hope of the editor that these articles will meet with the approval of all persons interested directly or indirectly in Clemson, and that the series will prove a source of information to all those who are in great or small measure ignorant of the vitally important and extremely interesting functioning of the several units of the college as they serve the students in a complete manner every day. Unfortunately, the students are surprisingly uninformed relative to activities of the college which do not happen to be actually visible to the eye as one walks about the campus or goes to and fro among the various buildings.

It is not the purpose of these articles to eulogize the good points of Clemson and ignore the bad ones, nor to hoist our flag above the flags of other educational institutions in South Carolina in such manner as to say that we, here at Clemson, enjoy superior surroundings, or have attained greater degrees of perfection than similar institutions. We have in mind the familiarizing of students, alumni, parents, and all others concerned in the college, with what we consider to be the most important working units of the school, and the correction of any false impressions which any of the above might hold in regard to the management of any unit of the institution.

The dining hall, ordinarily spoken of as the mess hall, measures about two hundred fifty feet in length and forty feet in breadth, it being one of the largest of its kind in the South. All windows are well screened. The walls are of plaster and are painted a brilliant white, mak-

ing available light very effective. The floor is constructed of red tile, this material possessing the quality of being easily scrubbed. Effective ventilation is secured through the use of several large fans located in the upper portions of the windows on the west side of the room.

The entire student body dines three times each day in the mess hall. The eleven hundred boys are easily seated, since the rated capacity of the hall is fifteen hundred. Eight men are seated at a table, there being one hundred thirty-two tables in actual use. This is a decided improvement over the old method of seating which allowed eighteen men to a table.

All tables are well supplied with linen, there being nineteen hundred table cloths laundered each month. This fact alone is sufficient evidence that table linen is changed frequently enough to preserve a sanitary and clean condition at all times.

Each morning the mess-hall is thoroughly scrubbed and disinfectant applied. After supper the hall is swept and put in proper order for breakfast the following morning.

The following list of food used over definite periods will probably be of interest:

Chickens—975 averaging two pounds each, every month.

Pies—400 each week.

Grits—7,500 pounds each month.

Coffee—100 gallons a day.

Sugar—145 pounds each day.

Rice—5,400 pounds each month.

Jam and preserves—10 tons in nine months.

Syrup—100 gallons each week.

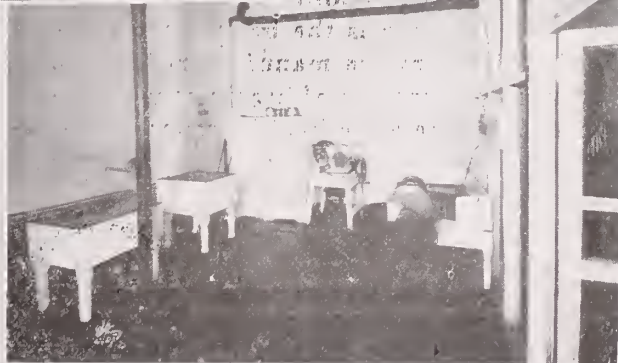
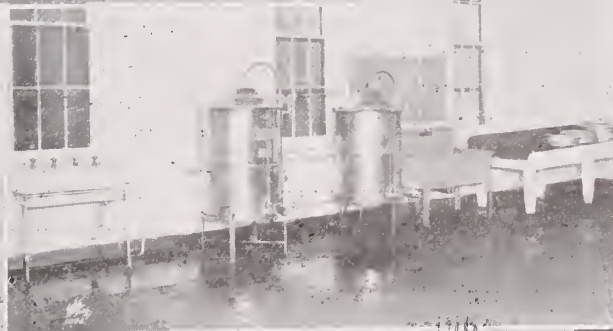
Eggs—180 dozen per meal

Butter—250 pounds each week

Gravy—100 gallons each day.

Sweet milk—2,100 gallons each month.





Around the Kitchen

Evaporated milk—1,600 gallons each month.
Iced tea—200 gallons per meal.
Corn flakes—Ten cases per meal.
Apples—3 barrels per meal.
Ice Cream—45 gallons per meal.

The students are served by forty-five student waiters. A head waiter has charge of the entire waiting force and a sub-head waiter has charge of the waiters assigned to one battalion. Since there are three battalions in the corp there are three sub-head waiters.

The kitchen is equipped with the most modern appliances for the preparation of food in large quantities. A few of these appliances will be listed and briefly discussed in this article.

The coffee is made in two steam-heated urns of 100 gallons and 120 gallons capacity.

A dish sterilizer is used which makes possible the sterilization of each dish after it has been washed.

Food are kept in a monel-metal container, prior to consumption, which insures freedom from poison. This is the only container of this kind in the state.

The kitchen range is enormous in comparison to the average kitchen range, it being twenty feet in length. This range is partly illustrated on the following page. Every night the range is left in a clean and polished condition.

To one side of the kitchen is the bake-shop, where all bread and pastry is manufactured. This bake-shop was the occasion of highly complimentary remarks by the state health inspec-

tor last year..

The sausage room is a small compartment screened off from the main part of the kitchen and is excellently equipped. A meat cutting room is also separated from the kitchen proper. In this room all the meat, except sausage, is prepared for cooking. The meat is sliced on huge tables with cement tops. A meat cutter costing more than a Ford automobile is used to slice hams.

The cold-storage plant, occupying the basement, is a very vital part of the system. On walking through the various compartments many interesting things are seen. In one compartment halves of beeves hang from the ceiling. In another, bunches of lettuce, several cases of eggs, and perhaps a barrel of dressed chickens are visible. In still another, a case of large plump steer livers may heave into view, or several halves of tender porkers waiting to do their bit in serving voracious appetites.

The mess-hall and kitchen force consists of the mess officer, who is in sole charge of all operations, including purchasing of supplies; nineteen negro waiters and dish washers; five cooks and helpers; three bakers and helpers; and three butchers and helpers. The mess-hall pay-roll, including the salary of the mess-officer, and cadet waiters, is ninety dollars per day.

We would like to describe all the methods and processes in use as we saw them, but lack of space prohibits. However, we will say that students and visitors are cordially invited to inspect the system for themselves.



BEER AND CHEESE

J. KERSHAW



JIMMY has managed to stammer out his words of love, and after the usual, "this is so sudden" from Helen the engagement is announced.

Two months have passed, and it is three days until the wedding is to take place. "Tr-r-r-ing" went the door bell.

"Telegram for Miss Helen," announced the maid.

"In train wreck left foot badly mangled must be amputated." So read the telegram.

Weeks and months of tender care for Jimmy—tender for Jimmy because Helen was his nurse. He has finally recuperated, and is back at work. In a short time the wedding is announced for the second time.

A small-pox epidemic sweeps the town. Poor Jimmy! Misfortune again, but he is up and smiling in two months. Horrors! His manly beauty is ruined forever. His face is pitted like a shell-torn battle-field.

Months of wooing, and Helen at last decides to take another chance. The plans are made and the invitations are out for the third time. The day of the wedding dawns bright and cloudless. Even the birds must know that

Jimmy is to be married today, for they are singing with all their might. Two hours before the wedding. One hour. At last Jimmy is on his way.

"DANGER-WORKMEN ABOVE". So read the sign. Onward walks Jimmy, as happy as he can be. A deafening crash! A groan! A feeble voice moaning, "my arm, my head!"

The doctors are generous; they give him two months to recover from a broken arm and concussion of the brain.

Once more Jimmy is out again, and just as much in love as ever. But alas! The fickle woman has fallen in love with another man. Evidently this other man knows women for the wedding is to take place immediately.

Jimmy meets his rival, and immediately dislikes him. Hasty words are spoken. Their coats are off and a fight has started. Slap! Bang! Ouch! Oh! Uh! Whap—"Jimmy! Jimmy! Wake up! Stop mauling me!"

"I'm going to get you for running off with my girl! Take that—and that!"

"Jimmy, stop! You are killing me!"

"Uh-w-wh-a-t? Aw shucks! Why did I take that beer and cheese? I might have known that I would have a nightmare!"



Musical Clemson



HE College band is now hard at work practising for what is destined to be the most successful year that the organization has ever experienced. The growth of the organization in membership, interest, and ability, has been remarkable during the past few years. It is a fact not commonly known that the college band saw its beginning in Clemson's first year, it being at that time a volunteer organization. Many of Clemson's best students have gone through college as members of the band, and practically all band men have made good records. Incidentally, it happened that at the R. O. T. C. encampment this year the four highest rifle and machine gun marksmen were band men.

To-day, the band stands forth as one of the crack military organizations of the college. Under the wise captaincy of D. R. Ergle and the directorship of Prof. E. J. Freeman, harmony reigns supreme, both in its organization and its music.

Though organized for military purposes, this organization has developed into an excellent concert band. Programs of high class music are given on the campus at regular intervals for the benefit of students and visitors, and trips are taken throughout the upper section of the state. In order to give the interested reader some idea of the musical standards of the organization a few of the numbers played last year are mentioned below: "Semeramide Overture" Rossini; "Maritana Overture" Wallace; "Norma Overture" Bellini; "Bohemian Girl Overture" Balfe; "Light Cavalry Overture" Suppe; "Peer Gynt Suite No. 1" Greig; "Nutcracker Suite" Tchaikowsky.

The present personnel of the band is as follows:

CLARINETS

C. S. HUTCHINS	D. P. THOMPSON
H. M. CARTER	C. C. FAUST
M. M. REINACH	G. W. GIGNILLIAT
D. P. THOMPSON	E. R. COX
W. H. TAYLOR	S. T. SMITH
O. F. ZAGORA	L. H. GRAHAM
A. J. DUPREE	

CORNETS

G. G. SIMMONS	W. P. TIMMERMAN
J. H. CLARK	S. M. COX
W. C. BROWN	W. E. MAYS
C. R. GARRISON	H. S. BARBER

ALTOS

E. W. CARPENTER	L. H. SIMPKINS
P. STRICKLAND	

TROMBONES

D. R. ERGLE	R. E. FARMER
H. S. GAULT	W. B. CALHOUN

BARITONE

J. L. HARPER

BASSES

H. E. GAFFNEY	V. C. SANDERS
---------------	---------------

ALTO SAXOPHONES

L. G. KNOBELOCH	V. L. WILSON
A. A. WALSH	J. M. ATKINSON
B. C. HARVEY	L. ANDERSON
H. T. CHAPMAN	J. S. WILLIAMS
N. W. STEVENSON	C. H. PATRICK

SOPRANO SAXOPHONES

L. A. PORTER	H. W. MARVIN
--------------	--------------

FLUTES AND PICCOLO

J. W. GRAY	M. H. WOODWARD
------------	----------------

BARITONE SAXOPHONE

C. A. KAUFMAN

OBOE

R. L. SWEENEY

BASSOON

W. C. HUTCHINS

DRUMS AND CYMBALS

L. E. CROMER	J. KERSHAW
E. L. GRIFFIN	

 Tiger Cheer

While wandering in the Black Forest near Nuremburg yesterday, I chanced to come upon one of the most grotesque and fantastic zygotes that I have encountered during my whole career as a morphologist at the University of Zurich.

The zygote, a young asexual fellow about six weeks old, was blissfully nibbling bits of helvellales on the banks of the River Weir, entirely ignorant of my approach.

Wishing to study the habits of this strange specimen, I hid behind a large dioonedule tree and observed its movements through the thickly intermingled foliage.

One of the most striking things about this zygote was its color. Instead of the prevailing kelp-brown, it was almost heliotrope, with the exception of the breast-feathers, which were aquamarine. Its eyes were green instead of brown, while its two teeth and sideburns were mauve.

Finally, the zygote tired of the helvellales, and securing a firm hold on the bank of the stream, began snatching diatoms from the swirling eddies and consuming them raw.

Wishing to get a closer view of the beast, which was gradually wandering away from me, I crept through the undergrowth and had succeeded in approaching within ten feet of him, when I accidentally trod upon a mother cell, which was resting in a clump of anthoceros. Instantly a shrill shriek rent the atmosphere, startling the forest into activity. Fleet-footed basidisporos scurried here and there, archegoniums leaped off for the lowlands, antheridium swung through the branches overhead at a reckless rate of speed, entire families of sperms plunged into the river, while my zygote clattered off through a patch of tall, wiry isoetes, like a frightened auk.

For several seconds I stood horrified at the terrible commotion that I had created; then, collecting my wits, which were lying all over the place, I made off after the young zygote, determined to capture and study it at leisure.

The zygote, being young and inexperienced, made no attempt to cover its tracks, and I did not find it difficult to follow through the forest. The chase lasted longer than I thought, however, and after more than five hours I found myself still several hundred yards in the rear of my quarry. Had the zygote not been such an unusual specimen I would have given up the chase, but tired as I was, I pressed onward. Finally the zygote crumpled to the ground with sheer exhaustion, and with a loud shout of glee I dashed forward in high anticipation of securing fast my prize.

Bitter disappointment awaited me, however, for as I drew near the prostrate carcass it began to swell, and ere I laid hands upon it, it split asunder, liberating hundreds of young oospores which scurried hither and thither among the undergrowth.

A most unimaginable thing had occurred. The zygote was so frightened at my approach that it grew old rapidly, and by the time it collapsed it had undergone the entire process of development and evolved into oospores.

I now agree with Mr. Bryan—evolution is an awful thing, especially in morphology.

ADVENTURES OF FLINTLOCK HOLMES

Note: The author has chosen this famous character as a suitable vehicle to convey to the uninitiated ideas of observation and deduction that are seldom seen in the present day hurry and flurry.

Seated deep in the heart of his study, stood

Flintlock Holmes, his entire attention centered on that masterpiece of fine detective art, The Police Gazette. By the look on his face, even the casual observer could see that he strongly disagreed with the observations given by the amateur author of an article entitled "Brown Bathing Suits for Blonde Bathers." It was at this juncture that his room-mate, Watkins, entered.

"Watkins, by the odor of your clothes, I observe that you are still carrying my pipe," said Flintlock.

"Your olefactory powers of observation astound me, Holmes," said Watkins, as he rubbed the injured knee of his right leg—injured in a wheelbarrow accident of two days before.

"I am sorry, Watkins, but I must leave you," said Flintlock rising. "I have an important case that will require my attention for a week. The Duke of Devonshire's cat was drowned in the cistern last night and His Grace suspects foul play."

Things that will increase your popularity and pull with the military department:

1. Wear red socks.
2. Roll them.
3. Wear civilian clothes to set off your figure.
4. Wide leather belts.
5. Salute a la laevo manus, or to the nose.
6. If you have to wait in the commandant's office, sit down and light a cigarette

Rat Evolution: "You can't make a monkey out of me.

Soph: "No, but I can put you up in a tree and no one will be able to tell the difference.

NEWS NOTES

Chief Allison has greatly increased his efficiency by using a cast-iron billy.

The chemistry department announces that the next war will be a short one, due to the discovery of a new gas which is a cross between hydrogen sulphide, asofedita, and Hoyt's cologne.

Due to the efficiency of Rat Poppe, the commandant was promptly notified that the clock on the engineering building had stopped.

When I die bury me deep
Lay my "Physics" at my feet.
Place my "History on my ches—
These, and more, were the cause of my death.

Boss: "You're fired."

Clerk: "Why?"

Boss: "When I hired you, you told me that you were a college graduate.

Clerk: "And what makes you think I'm not?"

Boss: "I just overheard you tell Brown that I knew more about this business than you did."
—Ex.

Q's and A's.

"How can I enter the German lines?" **Capt. F. U. Preese.**

Ans. This was done very cleverly by Ike McKie, the Yiddish spy. He disguised himself as a sausage and crept through No Man's Land making a noise like a pretzel.

"How can I make myself popular with my men"? **Lt. Loppe.**

Ans.—Join another company.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

E. W. CARPENTER



GENTLEMAN! A gentleman!" is the loud, but vain, cry of modernists. Diogenes' search for a truthful man has an excellent analogue in the modern philosopher's search for a gentleman. "Easy" is the thoughtless reply. "We are all gentlemen." But are we? "Let the gentlemen step forward"—only silence answers this request.

Few men insist that they are gentlemen, but no one will admit that he isn't one. The appellation is so sadly abused that the term shares the fate of the dinosaurs and dodo birds. Seldom seen, and still more rarely recognized, this being has passed into the class of paradoxical and evanescent things that defy search and definition. At various times the term has included members of royal families, idle noblemen, carefree cavaliers, social lions, tea-hounds, and just plain, unvarnished males.

When we wish to understand a thing, we unconsciously seek an example; but often times we are disappointed in the result of our search. People are too untried and changeable, these days, to allow one to pick out an individual and label him "a gentleman." On the morrow he might slander a friend, or abscond with public funds. But if we find the present unfruitful, the past is not so barren. The name of Lincoln arises and halts our search before we are well begun. But the sad part about this is, that all of Lincoln's biographers forgot to tell us why he was a gentleman. He was, undoubtedly, but the child's interrogation, that has ran many a homeloving husband from his fireside, leaves us empty-handed. Simply—"Why?"

Emerson said, "A gentleman is a man of faith, lord of his actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior; not in any manner dependent, or servile, either to person or opinions." That comprises a condensation of truth that is irrefutable, but at the same time

it leaves a host of requirements unmentioned.

Another authority is more specific, but still vague, when he points out Sir Phillip Sidney, Brutus, and Socrates as gentlemen of the first order. He adds meaningfully that a gentleman need not have Sidney's polish, but he must not scratch. Socrates' brains are not essential to being a gentleman, nor do we have to stab a Caesar in order to achieve this title.

Two men who consider the social element essential to the state of a gentleman write; "The perfect gentleman has a perfect heart, a good head, a good wardrobe, and a good conscience;" and, "A gentleman is a man with refined manners, a distinguished character, an education, good habits, and social esteem." Both of these definitions are good, and not very offensive to the most fastidious, but they are narrow. The two biggest and most important parts of a man are left untouched. What about a man's moral and spiritual life? It is one of humanity's greatest errors to make minor details play major parts, and to subordinate the real big things in life.

Let us examine the word that caused this fruitless search. "Gentleman" is a compound word made up of a French or Latin term, "gentil," and the term "man". The Latin derivation gives "the same tribe." Irrelevant at first, but capable of carrying much meaning. This infers that the gentleman must not be different from ordinary "man". That is, he is purely a man; hence, anyone possessed of ego is barred at once. This definition makes fraternalism a requisite, and this means one who loves and respects his fellow man, regardless of his station in life.

The French "gentil" means "noble." "Noble" means, by definition, one who is illustrious in actions. That cannot be misinterpreted and recalls to our minds the fact that

(Continued on last page)

THE MOISE INVESTMENT COMPANY

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

September 15, 1925.

To the Student Body of Clemson College:-

I have been requested by your Editor of the "Chronicle" to say a few words to you through the medium of this magazine, and while I do not regard myself as a shining example of success, I am acceding to his request as a matter of courtesy.

There is nothing more important to the success of any student in college, than is contained in the four words of the axiom known to everyone, "play the game fairly". Next to aggressiveness, I regard the matter of fairness as most important, and no one who can combine these two traits in his exposition of college spirit, will go wrong. There are many boys who enter college with an exaggerated idea of their importance, and perhaps there is no institution which removes this impression from the mind so quickly as a college, where one finds himself in due time. That is why I regard a college education so necessary to every boy, whether he be city or country bred. It is not what you learn in the class-rooms, so much as what you learn by associating with your fellow students, that does you good in after life, when you have graduated and gone forth into the world to make your mark. It helps you to "find yourself" and place the true values on things that go to make this life an active struggle for supremacy.

There is no use in waiting for your ship to come in, unless you have sent out a ship, and no man can attain any degree of success, either in or out of college, without the proper conception of what he must do to bring about this success. That is why aggressiveness and fairness are the two qualifications I place foremost. From the time I began my work after leaving college, I have not "loafed on the job". No matter how monotonous the work, it was completed as quickly and as thoroughly as I could do it. It is not the class of work you are doing, but the way you do this work, that makes for better success in life. And while I have been able to amass a fairly large fortune after many years of hard labor, I do not despise the petty jobs that I had to complete, because they have enabled me to learn the value of industry and economy in living.

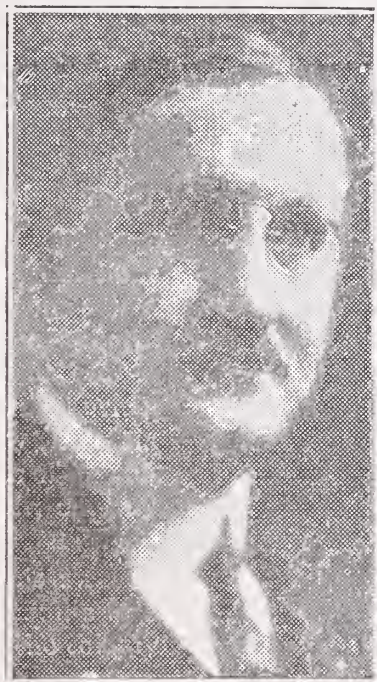
But all the financial success one may attain is of no importance, unless we keep our spiritual selves in fit condition all the time. No matter what we save, or how wealthy we may be regarded by our fellows, the real purpose in life is to fit us for the life to come, and this can only be accomplished by unselfishness, humanitarianism, and clean living. We grow by radiation, not by absorption, and the measure of our success is not in dollars, but in service to our fellow men. All that we can take with us after life is our reputation. All else is useless.

Sincerely yours,

W.L. Moise

W.L. Moise

A Successful



Clemson Alumnus



FROM the "Clemsonian", the annual of the class of 1901, we find the following record of the college activities of W. Lionel Moise, a native of

Sumpter:

"Entering college in August '96, Mr. Moise began his successful career as a student by uniting himself with the Palmetto Literary Society. From that time on, he was intimately connected with the literary work of the students, both through the literary societies and the "Chronicle", and the brilliant success which he attained will be noted from the short history of his college life given below:

In October '97, he was awarded the debator's medal in the Palmetto Literary Society Contest, and in the following February was elected a Literary Editor on the "Chronicle" staff, which position he filled admirably for two years. In June '98 he was the winner of the President's medal for the best essayist in college, and in April of '99 came out victorious in the Inter-Society Oratorical contest, gaining the privilege of representing this college in the State contest, where he was again success-

ful, winning first honor medal over representatives from five of the State Colleges. This secured him the right to represent South Carolina at the Southern Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest at Mont Eagle, Tenn. Here he again won first honor medal, to the delight of his many friends at the institution."

The above article will give you some idea of the record that Mr. Moise made while in college. We will now present, in Mr. Moise's own words, a brief review of his activities since leaving college. In answer to our request, he states the following:

"When I left college I came north to visit my sister in Philadelphia. When the summer was over, I decided to stay here and go to work. I was twenty years of age, and very much of a dreamer. I hoped to become a great writer, or newspaper man, but I soon found that this was not practicable. Finding it necessary to earn my living somehow, I started with Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, at a salary of seven dollars per week. After a few weeks, however, I found a better job with the Mutual Mercantile Agency there. From

this I went to a position with Bradstreet's Agency, and after two years in their Philadelphia office, I was sent to act as chief clerk in their Chattanooga office. From here I went to their Savannah office, and later, to their Jacksonville office, acting in the same capacity in each office. I then went with the R. G. Dun & Co's Shreveport office, and from there into a law office in Texarkana, Arkansas, as manager of their collection department. Next, I went to Cincinnati to take charge of the Credit Clearing House branch there, and later to Philadelphia again to manage their Philadelphia office. After two years I resigned to take charge of the Snow Church Company's office in Philadelphia, and after three three years with them, I came to this city to take over the Credit Bureau of Atlantic City, which I bought from the former owner, and have been conducting very successfully for over eleven years.

Last winter I went to Miami, Florida, on a visit, and became enthused with the real estate prospects there, and opened a real estate office. I now devote most of my time to real estate deals here and in Miami, spending six months here, and six months in Miami. I have made about two hundred thousand dollars during the past twelve years, mostly in real estate. My credit bureaus here, and in Miami, are conducted by competent managers, whom I supervise when I am in these cities. The rest of my time goes to real estate deals. I am also interested in many charities here, and am president of the Traveler's Aid Society of this city, chairman of Financial Research Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the Kiwanis Club."

It is with pleasure that we reproduce, on the opposite page, a letter, written by Mr. Moise, to the Clemson Student Body. This is a letter that is well worth reading.

CLEMSON MEN!

You won't be ashamed of the new

TIGER HEAD WIDE BELT

that I have had made up for you.

IT'S CLASSY

NEW FALL TOP-COATS -- \$25.00

HOKE SLOAN

Ex-Clemson Man and Member of Alumni Association



Societies



Clemson literary societies have begun the year with remarkable enthusiasm. This is evidenced by the fact that on a recent Friday evening the total attendance exceeded one hundred. This means that over ten percent of the student body is composed of men who have either chosen literary work as their hobby, or realized the need of the training offered by these worthy organizations, which have been well begun but must be backed.

The literary organizations are Tiger organizations and they need every Tiger's support. Carry some of that spirit which reveals itself on the athletic field into the society halls and watch the effect. In the spring our Alma Mater will be represented at the state oratorical contest by a single Tiger—and he must be our best. Think what it would mean to Clemson if we should win this contest, with a margin of several literary touchdowns, and our representative could have the opportunity to become an All-American!

Anyone of the literary societies will welcome your membership although your preference will possibly be determined by the officers and the size of the society. As a rule, the smaller the membership of individual societies, the greater is the chance for individual activity. For the benefit of prospective members, the officers of the individual societies are listed below:

Palmetto—R. M. Foster, Pres. J. E. Youngblood, Sec.

Columbian—C. R. Garrison, Pres. J. L. Aull, Sec.

Calhoun—S. F. Wells, Pres. C. B. Dowling, Sec.

There is a great deal of competition between the societies which will probably increase throughout the year and culminate at com-

mencement, when the best orators from the individual societies will compete for the Trustees' Medal.

The opportunities presented by the literary societies are opportunities to every member of the Clemson student body, and one hundred men is still too small a number taking advantage of them. Effective public speaking is everybody's art; it is an invaluable aid to success, and an absolute essential to good leadership. You may not want to be a Demosthenes or a Daniel Webster, but the height of your position in life will depend, to a large extent on your ability to speak in public. The literary societies offer you the training—it is up to you to take advantage of it. Your freshman year is the one in which to begin, but if you are now an upper-classman and have failed to take advantage of the opportunity, warn yourself not to put off until tomorrow what should have been done yesterday. JOIN A LITERARY SOCIETY!

American Institute of Electrical Engineers

The American Institute of Electrical Engineers is a national organization having a student unit at Clemson, which is sponsored by Prof. Sam R. Rhodes of the Engineering Department.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected: B. V. Martin, President; W. H. Sudlow, Sec. and Treasurer. An executive committee consisting of the following men was also elected: J. R. Smith, V. C. Sanders, and C. B. Day.

The membership is open to any junior or senior taking the Electrical or Mechanical courses, the dues being three dollars per year.

(Continued on last page)

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RADIO SETS AND SUPPLIES

L. C. MARTIN DRUG CO., Inc.

“The Best at Clemson”

(Continued from page two)

If you do not have one, sell something and buy one. Enlarge your vocabulary. Learn new words and use them. The best way to learn a new word is to use it.

Fourth. Touch college life. A college is a miniature world. The world is composed of many kinds of people, people with varied ability and varying standards of conduct. The same differences are found in college. Since you are to spend your life in a world like this, then adjust yourself to the same in college. There are tasks to be performed in college. Learn

to do them promptly and cheerfully. Learn to live peacefully with all men. These are the things that spell success in after life. Make friends by winning the esteems of your fellow-students. Friendships are built only on esteem. Judas pleased the Sanhedrim by betraying his Master, but the Sanhedrim despised him. Arnold betrayed his country for English gold, but the English in later years held him in supreme contempt. Do not do a dirty deed. Do not ask another to do one for you. Stand on your feet. Do your own thinking. Maintain a respect for yourself



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“SAY WHAT”

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TIGERS!

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OUR

ADVERTISERS

WATCH FOR
THE CLEMSON GLEE CLUB



W. A. SHANDS, Director

D. R. ERGLE, Business Manager



ATS off, men, to as true and staunch a Tiger as ever planted feet on Clemson territory. A man who, though not reared as a Tiger, has come into our midst and shown us what such an animal should be. We refer, of course, to Dr. Enoch Walter Sikes, Clemson's new President.

From "Who's Who in America" for 1922, we find that Dr. Sikes is a native of North Carolina. He received his degree of Master of Arts from Wake Forest College, and later, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Johns Hopkins. He taught at Wake Forest for a number of years and later became president of the institution. As he himself relates, he decided to take a vacation, and accepted the presidency of Coker College, at Hartsville, S. C. After eight years at this girls institution, he tells us that he decided to go to work again, and accepted the call to the Tiger's lair.

Dr. Sikes, in behalf of the Student Body of Clemson College, we welcome you.

It has been the policy of this magazine in the past to adhere strictly to literary topics, with the object of elevating literary standards at Clemson. However, this year we are not only working to raise the literary standards, but are attempting to publish a genuine college organ that will be of interest not only to students, but alumni and parents as well. We believe that it is not only the part of the college to make a better magazine, but that it is the part of the magazine to make a greater college, and it is this principle that we have tried to follow.

This is the first attempt of a new editorial board, and we anticipate much just criticism. Our only hope is that all such criticism will be constructive, in order that we may know how we can make our publication better.

Men of Clemson, you have the opportunity of helping yourselves, and also your college, by interesting yourself in the work of the CHRONICLE. This is your magazine, and what you do will help largely in making it.

Fred B. Leitzsey.

Clemson has something to boast of that few, if any, schools have; and when we say boast, we mean boast, for we are proud of it. The Tiger squad is composed entirely of young men from within the boundary of the state of South Carolina. This is a splendid recommendation for the high standards set for athletics at Clemson. It goes to show that men possessing football ability are not being enticed to Tigertown for if this was so, such illegal agencies would not stop within the boundaries of the state in their search for grid warriors.

However, it does not mean that men of football ability are not at Clemson. Each year sees more and better candidates matriculate, and each year sees these men bound closer together as brothers by the spirit of the place. Never before has the attitude of the students towards the school and towards each other been of as fine a grain as it has this year. This very attitude and spirit will make the Tiger's roar louder and louder on the grid, diamond, and track, and will carry him to many victories, not only on the athletic field, but within the individual students, the school, and the state.

Watch our teams this year and you will see fight; watch them and you will see good sportsmen; watch them and you will see gentlemen; for they come from stock which possesses these qualities as outstanding characteristics. They are South Carolinians!

—W. C. Brown.

(Continued from page nineteen)

Part of this fee goes to defray the cost of a years subscription to the A. I. E. E. Journal.

American Society of Civil Engineers

The Clemson unit of the American Society of Civil Engineers has the following officers: J. E. Walker, Pres; J. B. McKerly, Vice Pres; and C. M. Barr, Sec. and Treas. All seniors in the Civil Engineering course are eligible for membership, but other membership is limited to the seven juniors having the highest previous records, and one sophomore chosen in the same manner.

The Chemistry Science Club

The Chemistry Science Club is composed of students who are taking the course in either Chemistry or General Science. The officers of the society are as follows: T. L. Bradley, Pres; J. M. Lemmon, Vice Pres; and F. H. Kinard, Sec. and Treas.

Architectural Society

The Architectural Society has already begun its work for the year. All students taking the architectural course are eligible for membership, this being the first year that freshmen have been admitted during the first semester. The officers of the organization are as follows: J. E. Cudd, Pres; M. L. Parler, Vice Pres; J. M. Atkinson, Sec. and Treas; and J. H. Hall, Scribe.

The Horticultural Society

Those students who are taking the Agricultural course and are specializing in Horticulture are eligible for membership in the Horticultural Society. The officers of the society are as follows: L. H. Simkins, Pres; W. W. Hane, Vice Pres; E. R. Alexander, Sec. and Treas; and H. S. Hinson, Business Manager.

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actions speak louder than words.

"Man", however, forms the base for the word, and equally so for the person. Man is mental, spiritual, and physical. The body is the temple, and he who neglects the temple must necessarily neglect his worship. Fools seek the opposite extreme and worship the temple, forgetting that it is only a place of worship.

A man's spiritual nature occupies a vast realm that encompasses so much of man's mentality that the two are inseparable. Moderation and discretion are the watch-dogs of a gentleman's mind, and as a gentleman's mind is governed, so is his tongue. The crowning attribute of a gentleman, and an attribute that glorified Lincoln's life, is the ability to appreciate and understand your fellow man. To do this one must remember that it is human to err, but divine to forgive. Revenge is not for mortals, and therefore, not for gentlemen. Only God may rightly judge your fellow man, and his actions.



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Home of John C. Calhoun

RANGER PLUCK

L. A. SEABORN



HEY had allowed their canoe to drift far out from the shore and were now near the middle of Lake Fairfield. It is one of those picturesque lakes that dot the valleys of the mountains of western North Carolina. The sun had long since set but neither of them seemed to realize that the veil of night had gathered about them. Evidently they had been engaged in their first quarrel since they had met each other at Fairfield Camp.

The girl, Ellinor Crowther, had just finished a course in gymnastics at one of the leading girl's schools of the state. She was in charge of all athletic activities in the girl's camp and was proving very capable. Ellinor was a lovable girl with light hair and blue eyes that would make the heart of any man beat at quick time.

Jack Wardlaw, a big husky fellow, had graduated from a school of forestry, and was now a ranger with headquarters near the camp. He was making good in his profession and had won the admiration of many of his acquaintances. On this particular night he was the second occupant of that small canvas boat. As he sat silently with the paddle across his lap, the reflection of the rising moon could be seen in his neatly shined puttees.

The silence was soon broken by Ellinor's voice.

"Jack", she began, "I thought that you loved me, but now I see differently. You are one of those kind of men who tell all girls the same thing. I did not intend to overhear you and Gladys, but since I did, it seems to me that we should break our engagement and just be friends. I—".

"But Ellinor," Jack broke in, "can't you believe me—that I was only trying to tease her and didn't mean a word of it?"

"If that is the way you look at it, I suppose you did not mean it when you asked me to marry you," said Ellinor, scornfully. "Please take me to camp—it's getting late."

Without a word Jack headed the canoe toward the northern shore, where the camp was situated in a beautiful grove of firs and hemlocks. With strong sure strokes he drove the canoe though the water to the landing. He helped Ellinor out of the boat and up the hill to her tent. Here he left her with a casual, and colorless "good night" that said nothing of the real feeling of his heart.

What could he do? Here was the only girl he had ever loved, and she had cast him off because he had engaged in a little frivolity with another. But he'd show her! He would prove to her that he meant what he said, if it took a lifetime.

Two weeks of dry sultry weather had passed. Jack had not gone near the camp, nor had he seen Ellinor since that night on the lake. One day a small forest fire was discovered and extinguished in short order. It is a superstition among foresters that three fires always occur in succession and the extreme dryness of the sedges and forest mold made other fires extremely likely. This being the case, Jack was sent to the top of a nearby peak as a lookout.

As he sat there on his horse, leaning forward against the horn of his saddle, something in the valley far below caused him to start. It looked like a small column of smoke, but upon examining it with his binoculars he saw a different sight. It was dust caused by a running horse. He could see that a woman was riding the horse and he remarked to himself that she was a good rider. The horse seemed to be climbing the mountain and gaining speed all the time. He sat spellbound and watched the form grow larger and larger until the sound of the horse's hoofs could be heard.

Again he raised his glasses just as the horse turned toward him. A horror stricken look suddenly came over his face.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "It's Ellinor, and her horse is running wild!"

No sooner did he see the danger she was in than he was off to the rescue. He headed his horse down the mountain at full speed but he was too late to reach the road in time. Suddenly his horse reared and turned quickly up the hill. Jack had one thought in his mind. If he could only reach the other side, where the road curved around the mountain, in time! He looked back over his shoulder and saw Ellinor's horse making the bend that would bring her toward the spot for which he was headed. He dug his spurs in the side of his snorting animal so hard that it leaped forward as if mad.

Just as he steered clear of a giant boulder and turned his horse into the road, he realized that he was not a second too soon. Pulling his horse across the road and leaping from the saddle at the same time, he began to wave his hat back and forth in front of the oncoming horse. This caused the frightened steed to stop so suddenly that Ellinor was thrown from the saddle.

When Jack reached her she was unconscious. He ran to a nearby stream and dipped his hat full of clear, cold water with which he bathed her scratched bleeding face.

After some time she opened her eyes and about.

"Ellinor," said Jack, anxiously, "are you hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt—," she hesitated, "at least not very much."

"Will you let me take you back to camp?" he asked.

"No, I think I can get back all right by myself," she answered, coldly. "Thank you for stopping my horse, though."

At that she mounted, and rode slowly away. Jack watched her as she disappeared around the bend. He had never been so puzzled in his life. He had saved her life at the risk of his own, and she had acted as if it were an everyday occurrence. Would she ever believe in him? Would he ever be able to prove to her that he loved her? These questions and many similar ones ran through his mind.

One sunny afternoon, about three weeks later, Jack wandered toward Fairfield Camp with the hopes of catching a glimpse of Ellinor. As he

neared the camp, his attention was attracted by the cries of several girls standing on the shore of the lake. As he came up to them, they pointed to an object about fifty feet from the shore. No sooner did he realize what had happened than he had torn off his coat and at the same time kicked off his boots. Another moment, and he was swimming toward the drowning girl with strong, steady strokes. He reached her just as she began to sink, grasped her around the body and began to make for shore. When he dragged her out on the sand she was unconscious, but it did not take long for him to restore her breathing.

Just then Ellinor came down the hill from the camp. She came directly to Jack and placed a hand on each of his broad shoulders.

"Jack," she said, in all earnestness as she gazed up into his face, "it was all my fault. I should not have left them alone as I did. I saw your brave deed from my tent and I want to thank you for it. Will you call on me tonight, Jack? I have something very important to tell you."

He was so bewildered he could not answer her question with words, but he nodded his head, and went away. As he left she called to him to meet her in front of the boat house at eight o'clock.

When eight o'clock came, Jack was in front of the boat house but Ellinor was not there. A little later she came panting down the hill.

"I'm sorry if I kept you waiting, but I had to get the small girls to bed before I could leave," she said breathlessly, "Get out a boat and let's be going."

"Going where?" Jack demanded.

"Never mind," laughed Ellinor, "do as I say and I will give directions."

He obeyed without another word. When he helped her in, she told him to row toward the middle of the lake. After what seemed ages to him she commanded him to stop.

"Jack," she began, "Right about here is where we began our quarrel. I was thinking that it would be a good place to end it."

The puzzled look in Jack's face began to

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MUSIC

G. E. METZ

A day is o'er—a task not done;
A heart is sick with discontent;
A battle fought that wasn't won;
A mind is bruised, a head is bent.
Oh Music! aid this forlorn being;
Sooth his soul with transient, fleeing
Cadence, hymn, or classic.

Twilight's glow; then evening's hue,
And yet no mental rest is found;
In solitude, in romance, true,
Troubles and worries still abound;
But with thy care and in thy keep
We find the patient lyr'd to sleep
In musical repose.

E'en thou, romantic moonlight calm,
Art vanquished by the dreamlike tones
That float on the waves of music's balm
And buoy the soul from its earthly drones;
That thrill with each harmonious note
And lift us from the world to float
In ethereal realms with genius.

We linger languidly until
Our mental pain is soothed; and then
We're borne with one triumphant thrill
Through dreamland back to earth again.
Oh Music! touch our hearts once more!
Play on those chords and let us soar!
Higher! Higher! Higher!



The College Power Plant

Do You Know Clemson?

THE POWER PLANT

Back in the early days of Clemson's existence when the problem of power supply originated there was but one logical solution: a locally owned and operated power station. In view of the fact that Clemson is a training school for electrical and mechanical engineers it is easy to perceive that such a plant would be advantageous, making it possible for students in these branches of study to observe actual methods in use along the lines of operation, testing maintenance, and installation.

Clemson was especially fortunate at that time in having available the services of Wm. Riggs, a brilliant young engineer, and later president of the college, whose task it was to design the plant. Today this plant stands as a monument to Prof. Riggs' ability and ingenuity.

The building which houses the apparatus presents a neat and trim appearance. It measures about forty feet in width and eighty feet in length, having no projecting side rooms or compartments. Draft is supplied by hundred foot, yellow-brick stack in rear of the building.

The engine and boiler rooms are separated by a partition in order to afford protection to the engines and generators from the dust and dirt to which they would be exposed otherwise. The boiler room is the larger of the two. It contains a coal space and three batteries of boilers, in addition to a compartment for the feed-water pumps. There are two boilers in each battery, making a total of six in the plant. In order to make the construction of the plant of

as much value to the students as possible there are several different types of boilers in use, namely :Babcock and Wilcox water-tube, Stirling water-tube, and Lombard fire-tube. Hand-stoking is used throughout the plant.

The engine room is neat and clean in every detail. The floor is of tile, a factor contributing much to the appearance of the room.

Two Fleming reciprocating engines and one turbine are used to transform the energy of the live steam into mechanical energy. One engine drives a direct-current generator; the other engine and turbine drive alternating current generators. A General Electric rotary converter is used to change one form of current to the other without changing machines.

The efficiency of the plant is increased materially by using the exhaust steam from the turbine to heat the college buildings, this being accomplished by using a vacuum pump to exhaust the air from the pipe lines so the low-pressure steam can be easily distributed throughout the system. The boiler system supplies steam at high pressure to the mechanical laboratories, which are located at some distance away from the plant. All electric power used by the several departments of the college, and the lighting energy used on the campus is obtained directly from this station.

The plant is under the supervision of Prof. S. B. Earle, the efficient director of the engineering department of the college.

THE LOWLY SCRUBS

W. C. BROWN



It seems that in all walks of life there are people who are destined by providence to carry on certain unseen, unappreciated forms of duty that are necessary to "make the wheels go round." They are looked upon by the multitude of people as mere "idling pulleys" being carried around by the belt of success. It is never remembered that this same "idling pulley" is the instrument which keeps the belt tight, and enables it to carry the load. These characters have their duties to perform, and when they perform them, they deserve credit and honor equal to that received by the conspicuous satellites ever in the limelight of publicity.

In the mind of the college student, the first and foremost example of this type of character is the "scrub". Day in and day out he dons the grimy uniform of some last year's varsity player and earnestly and regularly reports

for duty. His duty is not a pleasant one. His incentive is his spirit, his backbone, and a vague hope. He works like a Trojan; throws himself against bigger, stronger and more talented opposition and is battered and trampled upon. Does he grumble or complain? No! Though he is gory from the impact and aching in every bone, he staggers to his feet saying, "That's the stuff, Bill. Keep it up and you will give ----- H—!" The scrub receives no praise. The onlookers smile and say that the varsity is showing up well today.

The scrub's compensation, if he has any, for the blows he receives, the blood he spills, and due honor that he doesn't get, comes from within himself; the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing his duty, is working heart and soul for his Alma Mater. Honor the scrub; pat him on the back! For if each varsity man possessed the spirit and fight that the scrub manifests, defeat would be unknown.



CLEMSON AT THE FAIR

W. R. ELLIOTT

ID the Clemson cadets go to the state fair? They did. After several weeks of six o'clock reveille, and one hour of extra drill every morning during that time, the corps was off to the big show. No more will the sound of the muffled drum be heard at an unearthly hour; no more will we hear the "crunch, crunch" of number twelves on the gravel of the small parade ground.

Yes, with the seasoned tread of the trained veteran, the corps marched to Calhoun and was off. The trains carrying the corps left at 7:30 and 7:40—each bearing an enormous tiger head—Professor Seigler's contribution.

The corps arrived in Columbia about twelve o'clock and found that Captain Penrose and his advance party of engineers had already laid out a plot at the fair grounds for pitching tents. Captain Harcombe and staff had the field kitchens ready and eats were forthcoming.

It is impossible for everybody to enjoy camp life, but we know that most of the Clemson men did. And what about the fair? The carnival spirit prevailed. Nobody worried, nobody critical—everyone having a good time. Then came the annual Clemson-Carolina football classic. We lost the game—the worst wallop ever handed Clemson by the gamecocks—but we have no alibi and no apology to make. A game is only a game, and after a man has played his best he can do no more. That each individual player put out all he had we do not doubt in the least.

By Thursday night the football game had given away to other things. One walking around in the fair grounds might not have guessed who had won the game. Carolina men accepted the victory calmly, as do gentlemen; Clemson men apparently forgot all about the game.

Yes, the "gurrels" were there. Winthrop girls, G. W. C. girls, University Co-Eds, Chicora and Columbia college girls. It seems as if every good looking girl in the state had gravitated to Columbia.

We do not wish, unduly, to throw flowers at our own head—they might contain thorns. In his talk in chapel, the president said that his primary object in taking the corps to Columbia was to show the people of the state just what we had. That our "show" was a credit to the college is the stated belief of The Columbia State, The Record, and our president and commandant. The parades following Thursday were pronounced excellent by Governor McLeod, and other competent authorities. This fact serves to show that the old tiger spirit is not depending for its existence on the result of any one game—which is as it should be. A parade, or any en-masse show for that matter, can easily have the pep and ginger extracted by a low morale, although no individual indifference may be detected.

The fair is now a thing of the past, but every man who had a share in helping Clemson's good name will long remember it.

HERE'S TO DAD

H. S. GAULT

Lift high the cup of fond esteem,
And loyal homage pay
To Dad, whom we respect and love,
For this is Daddys' day.

So, fathers all, we doff our caps
And fervently we say,
"We wish you joy and happiness
And many returns of the day."

We know at times you're sorely tried
By things we do and say—
But let bygones just be bygones,
For this is "old" Dad's day.

You sacrifice for us each day
And think we do not care,
But deep down in each of our hearts
Appreciation full is there.

So heart to heart and hand in hand,
Let son and father be;
So that the joys that Dad's day holds,
Together they may see.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC

H. E. GAFFNEY

"Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach."

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain and ease,
And make despair and madness please.
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above."

—Selected.



HERE we have poetry paying tribute to music! And, indeed, why should poetry not pay tribute to music, since music is the greater? It requires more than mere words to describe the wonder and beauty of the most heavenly of arts!

Music is a language. But it is a language that begins where spoken language fails. This thought was better expressed by Ingersoll, who said, "Language is not subtle enough, tender enough, to express all we feel and when language fails, the highest and deepest longings are translated into music."

The history of music glorifies it. Job tells us that in the beginning God caused the morning stars to sing to-gether. And then came the music of the heavenly hosts, announcing the birth of our Savior, the joy that words could not express. So far as we know the nomadic tribes of Asia were the first people to enjoy music in their homes. During the early period wandering bards were numerous. When the shades of evening fell, and families gathered in their tents, the minstrel with his lyre was received with joy while all crowded about him, eager to hear his songs of love and war.

Again, during the Middle Ages, we hear of the troubadors, trouveres, and minnesingers, who entertained them with singing of tales of love, or chanting of old myths, legends, and the great deeds of famous heroes.

We find philosophers and poets idealizing music. We are told that Pythagoras, about 550 B.C., founded a brotherhood in which he put into practice his doctrine that music is the guide to

all moral virtue. The members arose at an early hour and together sang hymns and songs. One of their chief occupations, we are told, was to search for beautiful melodies and rythms that would sink deep into the soul and subdue any tendency to jealousy, pride, excess of appetite and angry feelings. This incident recalls the fact that many years before David's music had driven the evil spirit from King Saul.

What music meant to our most beloved poets, Milton, Wordsworth, Burns, and Tennyson, may be found expressed in a great measure throughout their works. Who does not recall the "Cotter's Saturday Night" in which Burns pictures so lovingly the weekly homecoming of the scattered family. How, after the cheerful supper, they form a circle before the glowing fire and join in "Dundee's wild warbling measures," or "plaintive 'Martyrs,'" or "noble 'Elgin,' sweetest far of Scotland's lays?" Or Wordsworth's "Prelude" where music is compared to that "which can reconcile discordant elements, making them cling together in one society?"

I hesitate to intrude further upon a subject which has been so well attended by many who are better fitted to do so than I am. Still, my purpose differs slightly from theirs in that I wish to speak of the language of music. Of course we all agree that music has a language, or better possibly, is a language. But like all languages, it requires effort to learn. It is possible to enjoy one type of music without very much effort, because its particular language is simple. I refer, of course, to what is commonly know as "jazz." This is a form of music

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AT REVEILLE

W. L. BAKER

A blare of bugles
On the morning air;
A rush of feet
On the winding stair.

A host a-quiver
In the wintry wind,
All priming up
For the day's hard grind

A spell of action—
Then the drummer's din;
A sharp command—
Then barracks again.

A life's worth living
On these hills so free—
Pep and vim are
Born with reveille!

 Tiger Cheer

CHARLIE ROSS FOUND

Mystery Solved at Last by Flintlock Holmes, Solution Reported

by "Hank" Acker, our Nosey News Getter

"Flintlock Holmes!"

"Quite right, my dear Watson, quite right."

"Where have you been all these months?"

Flintlock Holmes, the great Yiddish detective, casually knocked the ashes out of his pipe and gazed at the ceiling of his handsome apartment.

"Watson," he exclaimed abruptly, "why did you leave the kitchen window screen up yesterday?"

"How do you know I left any screen up?"

"By the spots on the wall; the flies are unusually bad this year."

"But where have you been?" queried the curious Watson.

Flintlock leaned back in his Morris chair and reached for a glass of red lemonade tendered by an attentive servant.

"Watson," he said, taking a sip of the beverage, "I have succeeded in solving one of the most perplexing and mysterious mysteries in the annals of modern criminal history."

"The Charlie Ross case?"

"Yes, the Charlie Ross case."

"Then you have been to America?"

"Your deduction, Watson, is entirely correct."

"What section of America?"

"Nowhere."

"Nowhere?" queried Watson, somewhat perplexed, "Why man, you couldn't have been nowhere. You must have been somewhere."

"Nowhere," repeated Flintlock, reaching for a dill pickle.

Watson paced the floor nervously as if engaged in profound thought. Suddenly a smile overspread his countenance.

"Clemson College!" he exclaimed.

"Right again, Watson. Your deducing powers are becoming quite uncanny. How did you guess it?"

"Guess it?" sneered Watson, "I reasoned it out."

"Impossible."

"No, not impossible. There are only three nowheres in America. After eliminating Death Valley and Calhoun Falls I had only Clemson College left."

"Remarkable! But how did you know that I was not at one of the other two nowheres?"

"That's easy," boasted Watson. "The lack of alkali on your luggage proved that you hadn't been to Death Valley, while the dryness of your raincoat was testimony enough that you hadn't been subjected to the waters of Calhoun Falls."

"Shake, Watson," exclaimed Flintlock, "I'll make a detective out of you yet."

"But tell me about the Charlie Ross case," broke in Watson.

"Well," said Flintlock, with a shake of his head, "I found Charlie Ross."

"Alive?"

"Yes, alive, but in the most deplorable condition. Before I go into the details of the story, however, I would like to refresh your memory on the history of the famous case. You will recall that Charlie Ross was the son of a Mas-

sachusetts millionaire. On July 4, 1888, when Charlie was twelve years old, he suddenly disappeared from in front of his father's house and was never heard of again. Scores of the best detectives in America and Europe were called upon to solve the case, and thousands of dollars placed at the disposal of authorities by the grief stricken parents, but of no avail; even Scotland Yard admitted defeat after more than twelve years of futile search."

"At that time I was but a mere child, but I was so impressed with the case that I determined to unfold its mysteries when I became a man. At last, when I had matured into a strong youth of twenty-one years, and became associated with the famous master minds of Chicken Yard, I set to work on the case at once, and have been working on it for the past twenty years."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Watson enthusiastically.

"Please do not interrupt me, Watson," reprimanded Flintlock, somewhat provoked. "Your remarks are entirely out of place and uncalled for. If you wish to express your approval, bat your eyes or wiggle your ears."

"Now to continue with the case. After I had collected sufficient data, I set about to reason it out, and with the aid of the U. S. Army Intelligence Department, I learned that a man answering to the description of Charley Ross had entered Clemson College, South Carolina, in the year 1889. I found no record of his discharge from the institution and therefore calculated that he was still there."

"Upon arriving in the United States, I went immediately to the College. It was my intention to register as a student and take a campus course in order that I might work upon the case from the inside. I was somewhat disappointed, when I found that no such course was on the curriculum, but acting on the advice of the registrar, I signed up for Textile Industry, which is but a modified campus course."

"You mean you entered the institution as a plebian rat, freshman, newboy!" exclaimed Watson, a look of horror overspreading his countenance.

"D— you, Watson, how many times must I tell you not to interrupt. Yes, I entered as a rat, if you want to know, and underwent many gruelling experiences. I was forced to matriculate before entering barracks, sweep out rooms, carry water, drill and meet all formations. I have amused bored sophomores by getting down on the floor and scrambling like an egg, making a noise like an oyster and imitating a dodo bird, but that's neither here nor there. We were discussing the Ross case."

"After I had been at the college about a month I discovered that a gentleman by the name of Capt. O'berg had an old man stored away in the armory."

"And that was Charlie Ross," blurted out Watson.

Flintlock eyed his aid with a frown. His disapproval was outspoken.

"Do you wish me to finish this story or not?" he demanded.

"Yes, that was Charlie Ross. It was indeed a pitiful sight. I found him on a cot resting between two machine guns and a stack of regulation trash cans. On a wooden slab at the head of his cot was the word "Obsolete," while a large metal tag around his neck read, *Condemned, September 6, 1905.*"

"Charlie Ross," I said, looking straight into the old man's eyes, "you are wanted."

"The old man leaped into the air like a frightened eel and fell in a heap. The shock had been too great. Seizing a bucket of gun oil, I dashed it over his prostrate form. He revived almost immediately."

"After all these years!" he moaned.

"Flintlock Holmes never fails," said I.

"But what of it?" he burst out in a fit of passion.

"Lots of it," I replied. "I have succeeded in solving one of the greatest mysteries of modern times. Now you are going back to relatives in Boston."

"You lie, you lie!" he shrieked.

"Calm yourself," said I, laying a firm hand

(Continued on last page)



Societies



The newly elected officers of the Clemson literary societies are about to assume the responsibility of guiding these organizations thru the second quarter of the college year. Although the work of the literary societies has been successfully begun, there is a challenge to leadership in its proper continuation. It is hoped that the new officers will respond to this challenge and be at least as successful as their predecessors.

On a recent Friday evening, the presidents of the societies for the next three terms of the session were elected to serve in the individual societies as listed below:

Calhoun—J. P. Batson, second term; J. M. Law, third term; and E. H. Jordan, fourth term.

Columbian—E. L. McCormac, second term; H. A. Brown, third term; and C. B. Day, fourth term.

Palmetto—E. R. Alexander, second term; R. H. Cain, third term; and W. A. Shands, fourth term.

These men have been well selected and the societies should not falter under their capable leadership.

The young people's Christian societies on the campus are rendering a worthy service to the institution. Our college was founded for the purpose of education, but among the true aims of education are the building of character and the development of good citizenship. Spiritual growth as well as social activity is cared for by these societies, and peculiar benefits may be received from active membership in any one of them.

Although the various other Christian organizations of the college are actively interested in the religious welfare of the students, the young people's societies differ from most of

these organizations in that the individual members are given more opportunity to participate in the program. The training received is training for Christian leadership, and no one will regret the time devoted to this worthy enterprise.

With the exception of the Tiger Service League, which meets on Wednesday evening, the societies have devotional services on Sunday afternoons. Very enjoyable socials are given by the individual societies at appropriate intervals, the most recent of these affairs being the successful Halloween party of the Epworth League.

Any one of the young people's societies will welcome your membership although your preference will probably be determined by your religious denomination. The Baptist Young People's Union and the Christian Endeavor Society have had local chapters on the campus previous to this year; but the Epworth League and the Tiger Service League, although they have been recently organized, are making marked progress in every respect.

For the benefit of any who are not familiar with the names of the officers of the individual societies, the following list is published:

Baptist Young People's Union—T. J. Hart, President.

Christian Endeavor Society—E. L. McCormac, President; J. W. Williamson, Vice President; Nellie McHugh, Corresponding Secretary; Sarah Francis Doggett, Recording Secretary, and Helen Reid, Treasurer.

Epworth League—B. V. Martin, President; W. C. Maxwell, Vice President; Maria Martin, Recording Secretary; C. E. McLeod, Treasurer, and W. F. Maner, Corresponding Secretary.

Tiger Service League—F. J. Fishburne, President; R. M. Marshall, Vice President; and W. E. Parker, Secretary and Treasurer.



A View of Barracks

JONAH

C. M. REYNOLDS



ALL southern towns have their share of negro lodges—Blackston is no exception. In this particular town, as well as in many others, the negro population observes Sunday twice a week so far as clothes and cheap perfumery are concerned. Friday night is usually observed as “Lodge Night” and it is hard to decide which this superstitious race enjoys most—worshipping God on Sunday night, or bowing on Friday night to their universal dieties, which take the form of pomp, gaudiness of dress, and the general tendency to talk “hiferlutin.”

Blackston’s most conspicuous lodge was called, “The Sons and Daughters of Abraham,” and it was a source of much discussion as to which Abraham the honor of the title was conferred upon.

Jonah—no one knew his other name—was the “Grand Master” of this lodge. He had been elected to the office because he was the only “nigger” in town who owned a frock coat and who could talk “lak dem fo’ks up no’t’h.” He was also accused of being the man who swallowed the whale, and one look at his “bay window” dispelled any doubts which might arise as to his ability to do so. Another look would convince the curious that it would have been a physical impossibility for any whale to have swallowed this particular Jonah.

Now the “Sons and Daughters of Abraham” might have been the most conspicuous lodge in Blackston, but there was another whose members were no less ardent and determined. This rival lodge was known as “The Children of Moses.” Everyone agreed that the name was misplaced because it is a known fact that Moses was found in the water, and it was another known fact that the followers of this particular Moses never went near the water except for a drink.

The rivalry between these two lodges became so intense that the members of each

clearly understood that until some means were found to settle the war for supremacy, there would be a constant danger of the said members “coming to razors.” Accordingly, each club appointed a committee of four to decide upon some feat, physical or mental, which would prove to be a means of deciding the issue.

The question was decided with ease. Jonah, by virtue of his copious vocabulary and domineering personality, awed the other committeemen so completely that the first suggestion which he made was approved by all. His plan was this: Each club should pick one man who was noted for his ability to eat watermelons, and these two should stage a contest. The representative who ate the most of the watery fruit should be given a handsome prize and his club should thereafter be hailed as “the mos’ pow’ful lodge in town.” Also this club was to have priority in all social affairs. Of course these suggestions were couched in such terms as to let everyone know that he was able to liquify a large portion of the fruit himself, and upon this understanding he was chosen as the last hope of “The Sons and Daughters of Abraham.”

Isaac Washington was the “dark hope” of the other club, and it was ever a mystery as to why he was chosen, for he lacked all of the characteristics of the human store house. He was long, tall, and skinny to a point of ludicrousness. If he had wrapped himself around one watermelon he would have looked like an olive stuck in the middle of a soft drink straw, and two would have produced dire results.

When Jonah heard who it was that he had to compete with, he laughed loud and long, but he reckoned without woman. His wife, one of the few remaining old Southern mam-mies, was a member of the opposing lodge, and she “lowed as how she’d fix dat no count husbun of her’n”—and she did.

On the day of the contest Aunt Lucy fixed a large pot of pork and beans, her husband's favorite dish, and encouraged him to eat to the point of "saturation." With each spoonful that passed into the "momouthy cave" she would mysteriously nod her head and repeat to herself, "dat'll fix dat nigger I reckon."

The house was filled to capacity, and the scent of "Hoyts" pervaded the air with a thoroughness that is obtained only at a gathering of this color. Around the door each negro was endeavoring to out-talk the other and lay a small bet on his favorite. Inside, the women were taking the occasion more seriously and contented themselves with hard looks and whispered criticisms of some old "sister's" frock.

The referee, who was neutral and could not have realized his danger, advanced and introduced the contestants in a characteristic negro way.

"B'ren and Sisters," he began, "dis am shorely a potentess occashun, an' Ah re'lizes the 'sponserbility which res' on dese sholders er' mine. Fudder mo', I'se guine sirender my dersishun jus' as de good Lord tells me to an' dat being de case, I don' looks fer no fidgetin wid yer hip pockets wen I is done."

"Now, on de right han'," he said. "I sees Mr. Isaac Washington, and I takes great pleasure in interducing him. On de lef' we has wid us Mr. Jonah, an' he don' need no interducing. Now if everybody am ready, why gentlem'n, address de melons."

With this the contest began and the noise of battle exceeded a thousand stallions drinking soup. Jonah, finishing his first piece, smiled derisively at his opponent who had only begun. He finished the next slice so far ahead that he decided to rest a bit. As he sat watching Isaac, he began to feel a slight tightening of the belt, but he "let 'er out" a notch or two and proceeded with his devastation. At his next period of rest he began to feel decidedly uncomfortable and could gain no peace by letting out his belt to the fullest. All this time Isaac was slowly, but surely "carrying on."

Aunt Lucy, who had chosen her seat so that she could have full view of her spouse's activities, commenced to smile and muttered, "Uh huh, dat nigger thinks he kin git away wid us Chulun ob Moses, but he didn't know dat all dem watermelons on top ob dem beans would pump him up lak a balloon, but I fixed him." And she had, for the more Jonah ate, the more uncomfortable he became. Finally, when he could stand the pain no longer, he arose from his chair, laid his half eaten watermelon on the table, and with an appearance of complete dejection and puzzlement, slowly walked out of the building, leaving behind a hushed multitude and a grinning opponent, each paying in his own way a tribute to the downfallen idol.

In her corner sat Aunt Lucy with her face wreathed in smiles—a woman to the last, and a direct cause of all of man's trials and tribulations.





IN Friday, November 20th, was concluded a very inspiring and interesting meeting of the South Carolina College Press Association at Columbia. This is an annual occasion at which the editors of the various college publications of the state get together and discuss the many problems that arise in their particular lines of work. It is always looked forward to by those concerned, not only because it is an affair that affords instruction in editorship, but because it is an excellent source of social contact with leaders in various institutions.

The first meeting of the association this year was held Wednesday afternoon at Columbia College, at which time the executive committee met and considered certain recommendations concerning the constitution of the body. On Thursday morning the young aspirants of the pen met at Carolina University, where they were addressed by association's efficient president W. P. Crocker. This was followed by a very interesting address on "College Publications" by Dr. W. W. Ball. In the afternoon the meeting took the form of discussion groups, there being one group for those interested in newspapers, and a group for those interested in magazines.

On Thursday evening the body again convened at Columbia College and enjoyed two exceedingly interesting lectures. One of these was delivered by Dr. Reed Smith, of the University of South Carolina, and was entitled "The Short Story in College Magazines." The other was given by Dr. J. M. Ariail, it being entitled "Poetry in College Magazines."

On Friday morning the last business came to a close with the awarding of prizes and the reports of officers. At this meeting it was decided to adopt a plan whereby the best college newspaper, and the best college magazine,

could be chosen for each year. Charleston was chosen as the meeting place for next year.

Last, but not least, the association was given the best of entertainment. Receptions at Columbia and Chicora Colleges both proved to be happy occasions. A banquet given Friday evening by Dr. Melton, President of the University, concluded the meeting of the association.

From all indications, what we now term as the "concert orchestra" will in all probability soon materialize into a full fledged "symphony orchestra." Much new material has come into the organization this year, and the interest being taken in the work by all members greatly exceeds that of last year. The orchestra numbers about twenty men, and has the following instrumentation: 3 first violins, 3 second violins, cello, viola, bass, two clarinets, two flutes, horn, two trumpets, trombone, bells and tympani.

Men of Clemson, you have shown this year that you are a bunch of real Tigers. It takes courage to back a losing team and to believe in your team as you do. The team and the coaches realize that you are backing them to the limit. Justly can we say that you have been a bunch of true Tigers. We are not saying this to flatter you because we realize that every man believes in the team. Anyone can yell for a winning team but it takes courage to yell for a losing team. Not for one time has the spirit faltered; not for one time has the yelling ceased. Clemson is coming back. The sun doesn't shine in the same dog's face all the time. If you continue to back the team as you have in the past Clemson will come back.

DON'T LET THE SPIRIT DIE.

F. B. Leitzsey.

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(Continued from page 4)

disappear. He started to speak, but she checked him.

"Let me do the talking for this one time," she begged, "and then you may do the rest."

"When I learned of your affair with Gladys, I believed you to be untrue. I decided to break our engagement and then test your sincerity. When you stopped my horse on the mountain it was not in my plans to fall off. That was a bad play on my part. I knew you were up there because one of the rangers told me. I got out of camp and then started my horse to running and made it appear that he was beyond my control. You know the rest."

"That was enough to make me believe in you, but after what you did this afternoon, I could stand the separation no longer. Jack, can you ever forgive me for what I have done?"

Jack had sat silently through all this, but he could hold himself no longer. He almost overturned the boat getting to her side.

"Forgive you!" he exclaimed, as he grabbed her in his arms, "There is nothing that I can forgive you for but can you forget what I have done?"

"Yes," she murmured.

For the second time he placed a ring upon her slender finger and that night when he rowed back to camp, Jack Wardlaw was a changed man.

See Hoke Sloan

An ex-Clemson man in business at Clemson.

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“The Best at Clemson”

(Continued from page 11)

that appeals directly to the animal instinct of means of education in life and the guide to all human beings and is about as enlightening, in terms of spoken language, as the patter of a little child. How many of us who can enjoy the music of the dance-hall can go to the concert-hall and enjoy ourselves there as well? I can answer the question: if we have confined ourselves to the "jazz" type of music we cannot, but if we have heard as much concert music as we have the other we can find ten times the enjoyment there. Learning the language of music is, simply stated, merely a matter of hearing enough of it. If we never hear anything higher in the curriculum of music than "Yes, We Have no Bananas," we will never be able to appreciate anything higher than that.

Let us not be satisfied with that! We sneer at the performance of a symphony, perhaps, be-

cause we heard one once and could not understand it. Let us hear it again and again until we do understand it. Then, and not until then, will its hidden beauty be apparent to us.

I am not prejudiced against the popular music of the day, so far as its standard is concerned. It is one of the many different types of music designed to appeal to, or express, a definite mood. My objection to it is that it is leading people to neglect the music that appeals to other moods, or expresses different feelings. The poet tells us that "Music the fiercest grief can charm, and fate's severest rage disarm; music can soften pain and ease, and make despair and madness please." But it takes more than one type of music to do this. There is a type for each purpose, and we must diversify our music if we are to receive its greatest benefits.



(Continued from page 14)

upon his shrivled shoulder, "don't be afraid. You have been a bad lad, Charlie. You should have never run away from home and gone to Clemson."

"I felt the old man's body quiver like a leaf. Tears and gun grease trickled down his wrinkled cheek and pattered into a regulation garboon placed there by Capt. O'Berg, who was profoundly touched by the tender scene, and who was seated on a keg of nails nearby licking a salt brick.

"I should never have left home,' he sobbed, 'but I wanted to be a military man and learn how to grow cow peas scientifically.'"

"Let us go,' I said, 'seizing him by the arm.

"Yes, let's go,' consented the old man rising from his cot.

"Stop," snapped a stern voice behind me. I wheeled about and found myself confronted by a man in uniform. It was Colonel Cole, commandant of the college.

"Where are you men going?' he inquired.

"I was going to carry this old man home,' said I.

"No you're not. That man has too many demerits!"

"Is that true,' I exclaimed, turning to Ross.

"Yes,' he sobbed, 'it is true. For thirty seven years I have been here; for thirty-seven years I have toiled like a madman; and for thirty-seven years I have had too many demerits to rate week ends.'

"So that's why you did not go home!' I exclaimed.

"Yes,' groaned the old man.

"But why didn't you go home in the summer?"

"I had to work in the summer to make money to return to school on in the fall.'

"Why don't you quit school?"

"Oh,' exclaimed the old man, his eyes flashing, 'I am waiting on a five dollar refund on my uniform deposit for the year 1899!'"

Small Boy (observing stout lady weighing herself on coin scales: "Do you get all that for a penny?"

"Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?"

"Yes, dear, and the nicest."

"My girl has a beautiful embroidered handkerchief which she claims cost twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars! That's a lot of money to blow in.

—Penn Punch Bowl.

Jones: "Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote Ivanhoe."

Smith (or Brown): "I'll tell you if you'll tell me who in the dickens wrote the "Tale of Two Cities."

—Sel-

Freshman (after being thrown into pool): "There will be no dry runs."

"Did you know that Rat "Evolution's ancestors were war heroes?"

"Why, no."

"Ja, they were killed in a coconut battle."

NEWS NOTES

Prue Swords' cousin from Auburn visited Prudence last week.

"Prep" Bradley and Jack Law like oil in their Coco-Cola.

"U-Drive-It" Lemmon reports excellent results from trips to Pendleton.

A most charming event occurred in the social world yesterday when Mr. Hydrogen and Miss Chlorine were united by Rev. Hot Spark. The bride was escorted to the altar by Mr. Manganese Dioxide, who had been once a very troublesome character and had caused a divorce from a previous union.

The Chronicle



• GREETINGS •

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DECEMBER
1925



Chronicle

Edited by FRED LEITZSEY

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FOREWORD

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!

As old Father Time plods on into the dust
of the future, and as the season of joy looms
near,

The Chronicle

takes time to be jubilant. May the New Year
bring to you a thought long cherished, an ideal
realized, and a life worth living!

A CHRISTMAS WAGER



HE frolicking figures on the wall, projected by the crackling fire in the grate, seemed to be doing a mock dance in open defiance of the howling storm outside. The comfortably furnished sitting room, lighted only by a low-burning table lamp, was indeed quite a contrast to the winter weather outside.

The only occupants of the room were two young people, who were sitting much nearer to each other than the spacious old-fashioned couch necessitated. The girl withdrew her hand from the clasp of the tanned larger one and looked at her wrist-watch. Then rising hurriedly she exclaimed, "My goodness, Phil, it's after seven now. We should have started an hour ago!"

The usually handsome face of the young man was clouded with a look of vexation, as he replied. "Why Helen dear, I was so sure that you would give that silly trip up, that I went so far as to tell Bill not to call for me until eleven. This Santa Claus business is all right in ordinary weather, but deliver me on a night like this."

"All right, Mr. Phillip Stoneman. You'll find a phone in the hall, and you may tell your chauffeur to bring the car right back here." came from the determined one, as she began sorting a pile of bundles.

"Oh, all right," answered Phil, as he moved toward the door, "I might have known you'd have your way; but I'll tell you frankly that I'm only going to please you. I fail to see the pleasure you get out of venturing through the slums on a night like this—especially when it's Christmas Eve." Having delivered this shell he retreated to the hall.

Having done his bidding, he returned—only to be met by a new attack. "If you're not an infidel," began she, "you'll admit that it's more blessed to give than to receive. And besides, it makes me so happy to see their poor forlorn faces light up with gratitude when I do

something for them, that I only regret that I can't do more. I—."

"Yeah, that's so," broke in Phil, "and if you're not an Eskimo you'll admit that it will be more pleasant to remain here than to go out to-night. Why not let Bill deliver the presents, if they can't wait until to-morrow?"

"Remember Phil, the gift without the giver is bare. Did the wise men send their gifts to Christ? If you'd forget business and—and—" At this point she faltered uncertainly, then continued, "and me long enough, you would see the real beauties in life that surround you!"

"Thank you," said he, feasting his eyes on her face, "but I'm well satisfied with the beauty around me. I see you have the better argument, but I'll wager you a five-pound box of chocolates that there won't be anything in our trip to-night that will interest me in the least."

"And what, my reckless knight, shall be your reward if you do prove to be so heartless?" asked the fair one.

"Ah fair lady, but for one kiss from your ruby lips, I would—."

"Then, sir, it's a bet. Come—I hear the car now."

From the above dialogue, one might easily conclude that Philip Stoneman was a very superficial young man, who had somehow gotten into the good graces of this very unusual young lady, who thought more of the comfort of others than of herself. However, this would be doing him an injustice, because young Stoneman came from one of the best families of the South, and was welcomed in the best of homes. As a bond salesman he was doing exceptionally well, and older business men predicted a bright future for the young man.

Since childhood he and Helen Cameron had been sweethearts, and although no date had been set for the wedding, there had always been an understanding between them.

Helen also came of a fine old Southern family, but now little remained but the family

name, as since the Civil War the enormous fortune accumulated by the great-grandfather Cameron had dwindled so that Helen and her mother were often embarrassed when they tried to meet the flood of bills that came pouring in each month. Despite this fact, Helen still held firm to the family traditions, as was seen in her conversation with Phil.

Phil could hardly be blamed for preferring an evening at home with her, to a cold ride thru the streets. Who wouldn't rather sit beside this rare Southern beauty and listen to her soft drawl, as she talked of things more interesting than the storm outside?

Their first visit was paid to an aged couple, who resided in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the town. These old people were hovering over a tiny blaze furnished only by bits of old crates that the old man had collected before the storm. The presents of food and clothing added much to the comfort of the old pair, and Phil took the address as he departed, declaring that he would send them a ton of coal on the morrow.

"By George, Helen," said Phil, as they climbed back into the sedan, "did you see the little lady smile when you gave her the knit cap, and did you notice how the old gent said 'thank you, suh'?"

Their next stop was at the home of a widow who was the mother of five small children. While Helen talked to the mother, Phil entertained the little ones. At first they were afraid of the intruder, but soon they were clambering

over his knee, pulling his hair, and looking at his watch. Then, when Helen was about to leave, she found him coatless and hatless, playing horse with them on the floor.

"Always did like to fool with kids," remarked Phil, as they resumed their journey, "Had no idea though, that the toys we gave them could please anyone so much." Helen said nothing, but somehow she could already taste the flavor of dainty chocolate candy.

They became so interested in their work that it was almost midnight when they returned to the Cameron home. As they warmed their hands over the smouldering fire, Phil remarked, "I had no idea how miserable some people really are. I'm going to see if my company won't do something to relieve the suffering people in this town."

"Guess you've forgotten the remarks you made earlier in the evening haven't you?—Oh yes, I almost forgot! How about the bet?" said Helen.

"By golly, you win, but it was worth it," answered Phil, good naturedly. Then with a meaning look he added, "You sure taught me a lesson, but I'm sorry that there wasn't some way for both of us to win."

"Well," returned she, "there was nothing in the contract to keep me from compensating you for your loss, was there?" Then, as she raised her face to his, her glance fell on the clock, and she added, "especially when it's Christmas day!"



PLEAS OF THE GODS

J. H. HALL

A soft light fades in the west ;
The dim glow slowly recedes ;
Night settles down upon the earth,
While the God of Light still pleads.

A soft old soul passes on ;
The Angel of Death it heeds ;
Dust returns to its mother earth
While the God of Life still pleads.

A soft, sweet hush quiets my heart ;
To the goal of life it leads ;
Affection chills from folly's play
While the God of Love still pleads.

MISTLETOE

R. H. MITCHELL



EVERYONE is interested in mistletoe, especially at this time of the year. Christmas is not real unless mistletoe is used in the extensive decorations which are so lavishly displayed at that time. This somewhat strange plant has quite a romantic history.

It has for many years been associated with poetry and prose. There is a legend that Balder, the sun-god, was killed by an arrow made from this plant.

Among the Druids, an ancient tribe of religious people that roamed in England, the mistletoe was the object of special veneration; but, strange to say, it was looked upon in this way only when it was taken from the oak-tree. Oaks were then sacred trees and whatever grew on them was regarded as having been sent from heaven. The apple-tree was also held sacred next to the oak by the Durids. held sacred next to the oak by the Druids. tree, and they worshipped it, but not as much as the oak-tree.

At the time of the winter solstice which was almost universally looked upon in Europe as a festival period, the Druids gathered the mistletoe with much ceremony. Five days after the new moon a grand procession was formed. The priests, the Prince of the Druids, the her-

alds, and all the people marched to where the mistletoe grew. All were clad in white.

When an oak was reached on which the sacred plant grew, two white bulls were bound to the tree, and the prince, taking a knife from a herald, climbed up the tree and cut the mistletoe. A lesser priest caught it in a mantle as it fell.

The mistletoe was then divided and given to the people on the first day of the year. These small twigs were hung over the door of their houses. This was supposed to protect them from all harm during the coming year.

During this time it was a custom to hang the mistletoe in churches because it was sacred. This practice along with kissing in the services was abandoned because both were found to be detrimental to the good of the church.

But, though banished from the church, it soon passed into the homes of the people, and to this very day it has been a good omen.

According to the present-day custom it is correct for any fair damsel to be kissed if she is found under the mistletoe. This custom is enjoyed immensely by the young men, and many are the happy incidents that one can recall where mistletoe has played an important part.



BENEATH THE MISTLETOE

(Selected)

A rosy gown—two rosy lips,
A Yuletide's rosy glow.
So tantalizing she stood there
Beneath the mistletoe.

But when I tried my chance with her
She stepped aside—I missed her.
I tried again—more luck this time:
I caught her and I—

'Twas just a bit of girlish wiles,
For maidens will be coy
For now the mistletoe for me,
It's aid I'll e'er employ.

Christmas again! The years have passed—
A scheme of joy and woe;
Thru memory's glass I see her still,
Beneath the mistletoe.

WHEN UNCLE PAT MISSED

M. H. WODWARD



HERE was never a better sportsman than Uncle Pat. He was an old darky about sixty-two years old, whose father had been a slave all his life to old "Marse Bob", and Pat was proud of it. Old Pat was the weather prophet for the whole community. He could foretell the rains and droughts, was an ardent believer in signs, knew right where to find the 'possums and coons, always had a covey of birds in view, and knew exactly when the catfish were going to bite. He was said to be the best marksman in the country with his favorite old muzzle-loader and could go out and shoot a duck or a rabbit anytime anybody wanted one. Lindy, his wife, had died a good many summers before, leaving Uncle Pat alone in his little cabin on the swamp-side of the plantation.

One morning one of the negroes of the farm came to Uncle Pat with the story of a huge bass bedding in the lake of the river. This was described as weighing about fourteen pounds, and measuring probably twenty-four inches in length. The tale interested Uncle Pat very much, for it had been a great many years since he had killed a bass this large. The younger negro had confided his find to Uncle Pat because he knew that Uncle Pat had never been known to fail when he had such an opportunity as this. Pat was one negro to be trusted.

Early the next morning Uncle Pat was up and ready. He appeared in front of his door, clad in an old gray sweater which he had inherited from "Marse Bob". Slung over his shoulder was his trusty old forty-five calibre rifle and hanging from his neck, an old knapsack bulging with sweet potatoes, which Pat and the younger negro intended to eat on the way. After drawing a bucket of fresh water and pouring it in the horse trough the pair started for the river.

Coming to the spot just before dawn, they climbed a large gum tree which was growing over the water. They got out on a stout limb

which hung directly over the fish bed, and waited.

The pair had not been there many minutes before the sun began sending down its rays through the tree-tops. The squirrels were frisking about on the limbs, and the loggerheads were having their morning quarrel.

"There he is now," said the younger negro, as he touched Uncle Pat on the arm and pointed to the stream below. Looking down into the stream, Pat could see the golden-colored sand basin, which the bass had made. In it he could see a large black form about two feet long and at least eight inches broad. He suggested waiting until the sun rose high enough to send its rays down into the water so that he could see much better how to shoot.

Fully a half an hour longer they sat on the limb. Pat reached over and took the rifle from the bough on which it was hanging. Quietly he slipped one of the greasy cartridges into the chamber and closed the breech. Bracing himself more firmly against the limb, and quietly drawing back the hammer, he raised the rifle to his shoulder. Fully one minute he aimed—but he did not fire! What kind of a spell had come over Uncle Pat? He was trembling like a leaf and his eyes were filled with tears. He lowered the rifle from his shoulder and pulled the trigger. The explosion came, but the bullet had missed the bed by some fifteen or twenty feet.

There was a great swirl in the shallow water below and the bass was gone—never to be seen on that spot again.

The younger negro was furious. "You missed on purpose!" he declared, turning wrathfully to Uncle Pat. Pat said nothing as he sat wiping away the tears which were fast forming in his eyes. They climbed down from the tree and Pat told the following story.

A good many years ago Pat had found a tiny bass in an old fish trap. His first impulse was to toss it back into the water and let it go, but he thought of his own little black Annabelle at

(Continued on page sixteen)

Exchanges



HERE is the writer's first attempt to edit to edit an Exchange Department, so in fairness to the readers and our exchange friends a brief summary of my intentions will not be incongruous. It will be my purpose to criticise every exchange that comes under my observation in a purely impartial attitude. If I err, I do not do so purposely but from the lack of knowing how to do better. If I am too harsh or seem unjustly severe on some college publication, credit it to my indigestion or ignorance; not to deliberate perversity.

In criticising short stories I will take into consideration a number of factors. The subject, the plot, the presentation, the grammatical structure, and dialogues will be considered as they are good or weak. It is impossible in a short review to go thoroughly into the details of each story, but the prominent features will get the most attention.

Essays will be considered chiefly from a logical content. The thought content is of equal importance. It may be well to mention here that plagiarism of opinion will be watched closely.

Student poetry usually runs the gamut of quality. Thought, method of expression, clearness of figures of speech, and subject will get the most observation.

Plays are somewhat difficult to criticise. All the factors that enter into good writing are needed here, but the plot is the stumbling block that trips so many amateurs. If this vital artery is exposed, the life of the story is endangered. If it is buried too deeply, it may be strangled by surrounding circumstances. We want live stories, so any story that shows the aforementioned symptoms will be given a radical treatment.

With the other subjects mentioned, book reviews and critiques form the constituents of the

ordinary college monthly. The edition will then be considered as a unit. The relative proportion of its contents, its mechanical form, and the manner in which it is edited will all come in for considerable attention.

The ladies get a great deal of our attention most of the time, so this issue will be given over to a review of our sisters' publications.

The Erosion—Lander College

The contents of this publication include three poems, three short stories, two essays, an editor's department, jokes, an exchange department, and a few news articles. It has been assembled in a very attractive manner, and has a fair variety of contents.

The poems concern Chimney Rock, the night wind, and the effect of a scolding. This is bluntly stated, but we cannot hope to convey the thought content as attractively as the poetry. The poems are fair. That is about the best we can say—pretty figures of speech but little appeal to the reader. The poem about Chimney Rock is of fair descriptive quality, and portrays a moderately elevated thought.

Of the three stories, "All Hallows Eve" is easily the best. Short, pointed, gripping; yet complete. Enticing to the end, and then it stops abruptly as all good stories should. The eerie effects were impressive and the weirdness of environment was vivid.

The essay on letters was a trifle too long. The thought was over-extended; it would have been better if it had been reduced and concentrated. We would undoubtedly like to argue this point with the writer, "Here is the boy who has nothing to write. He sprawls out his writing in order to cover as much space as possible—. Then there is the boy who writes in such 'flowery' language that it takes him two

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Musical Clemson

THE GLEE CLUB



LEMSON'S Glee Club is now hard at work practising for what is destined a most successful season. This organization has grown steadily during the past few years until it is now one of the premier organizations of its kind in the South. Last year, under the direction of Wayland A. Shands, the club enjoyed a most profitable season. Extended trips were made throughout the state, each performance being marked by repeated praise from ardent supporters. Again this year the club is planning to make a still more impressive showing under the leadership of Shands, who is a popular member of the Senior class. D. R. Ergle, the business manager of the organization, has arranged some very interesting trips, covering the entire state and parts of adjoining states. The first performance will be presented about the middle of January.

The club has chosen a high type of music this year, both instrumental and choral. The program will consist of a variety of offerings, constituting harmony, melody, and mirth. The club will endeavor to give each act with the utmost precision so that no time will be wasted. Some form of amusement will be going on at all times during the performance.

The first act will consist chiefly of classical selections by the chorus, intermingled with solos, recitations, and quartette numbers. The second act will include the famous Jungaleer orchestra, with other specialty number by members of the club. The last act will be devoted entirely to mirth and comedy, consisting of a characterization of Old Black Joe, together with songs and jokes by the club's comedians.

Among the choruses selected this year we find the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust", the waltz song "Sympathy" from "The Firefly," "Annie Laurie," and "The Song of the Armorer" by George Nevin.

W. A. SHANDS Director

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She (just introduced): "Somehow you seem familiar."

Gilmer: "Good heavens! I haven't started yet."

Prof. Rosenkran: "What's a parasite?"

Acker: "Me, Professor?"

Prof. Rosenkran: "Yes—Now name another."

"Spec" Farrar: "Gee! you have beautiful lips."

Sweet Young Thing: "My lips are my bread and butter."

Spec: "Gosh! I am perishing, let's eat."

Advertising is very like unto a woman. It very often attracts universal attention; it is very often inclined to exaggerate; it takes quite a bit of paint and is very expensive to keep up; it is sometimes prone to deceive, but, above all these things, advertising, like the woman, always pays.

Stranger—to Cadet: "Say, is Clemson a dry town?"

Cadet: "Well, I should strangle! It is so dry here that we have to pin on our postage stamps!"

Young Girl at Fair: "Do you go to college, mister?"

Rat Steele (proudly): "Yes, indeed."

She: "Well, would you mind thinking up a name for my little dog."

"Is that ugly girl really married?"

"Well, if she isn't I'm in a devil of a fix."

"How's that."

"I'm her husband."

Professor: "Ikey, what is a pauper?"

Ikey: "He is a guy vot married mommer."

THE MAN THOU GAVEST ME

(Translated out of the original Greek)

"Good day father, mother, and all the little ones", cried our hero with great gusto as he drew up to the homestead on an enormous equine. The horse stood gasping in great, bell-bottomed pants. He was covered with lather, for they had just had a dreadfully close shave. Nevertheless, our hero was imperturbably smiling—he was used to scrapes. He had been a filing clerk for two long summers, as he would tell anyone on short acquaintance.

Clambering off his steed, he suavely called for a pail of stout. When it was brought, he drank it thirstily, making little guzzling noises with his tenor voice as he did so. When he had finished it, he tossed the pail aside—murmured a cryptic "Good", and strode into the house.

Outside, upon the porch, his family stood dazed, trembling in awe. His father was accustomed to making allowances for his offspring, in fact, he made them once a month. Father could not realize that this bundle of effulgence, this air of grandeur, this glory that was Rome's—was his son, his first son, his posterity.

"Would to God it were so," he murmured lackadaisically.

Not a farthing did this lad possess, nor did he crave one. Besides, this was America, the brand they crave and the home of the spree. Offtimes his father held gentle converse with him anent to the topics of the day, and intimating that he turn his hand to some practical use.

"Nay, father, I turned my ankle once in commercial pursuits and I wouldst fain not enter them again. Her name was Angela—"

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

W. C. BROWN

S the eve of the Yuletide draws near, let us ponder on the spirit in which it will be taken, on the light in which it will be viewed from the several angles of life. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages—". So it is, and each age contributes a point of view from which we see the Christmas time; each affecting vitally the emotions which are aroused in us, and each being different from the other. For the sake of brevity, let us group these ages into four classes: childhood, youth, middle age and old age.

The small child looks forward for many months, with keen anticipation, to the Eve on which Santa will come. And as the time draws nearer, his conduct improves, his frowns give way to smiles, because "Santa will not come to see bad little boys and girls". As he lies in his bed on this great occasion and directs entrance glances toward the fire-place and the stocking-bedecked mantle board, the glowing embers gradually take life and he sees, in his dreams, Santa coming down the chimney; sees him fill the stocking to overflowing, jump lightly into his sleigh and vanish. But the dream grows brighter, the smile broadens, as he sees his mother's smile of joy when she takes a piece of his candy, and father's chuckles of merriment as he demonstrates the shiny toys. Such is the happiness of childhood, and the awakening from the dream affords its fulfillment.

The youth, as he sees Christmas just around the corner, is engulfed with thoughts of the coming festivities and of material happiness. Few somber thoughts ever come his way as a rule, and if he ever had any, they are now cast to the four winds, and he becomes an active volcano of merriment, overflowing with a contagious glow that lends enchantment. As

the Eve approaches the ebb, and he sits before the dimly burning fire, the flickering flames become a blur and then become alive. First, the dances which have been and next those which are to be; then the hunt; next, the flames portray the pinnacle of bliss—the smiles of appreciation on the faces of sweetheart and family as they behold the gifts that his sacrifices made possible. This is his dream of true happiness, and his dream rarely fails to become a reality.

The middle age. The father and the mother for many weeks have been saving, selecting and planning. "Santa must not disappoint the little ones" and "Youth is but a narrow space and must be made a golden memory". Years ago that part of Christmas which appeals to the child and youth, has vanished from their emotions. But the element which caused both child and youth to rejoice, has even a greater effect upon them. They yearn to see the loved ones happy. As they place the last gift in the stockings and make ready for bed, they are filled with happiness when they gaze on the blissfully sleeping youngsters, for they know that on tomorrow the dream of the young will come true—and so will theirs.

The old, who have spun the greater part of life's golden web, await the passing of the last few weeks before the coming of the Lord's Birthday with little apparent concern. But deep within them the spirit grows and grows until the day is near at hand. Then no longer can they restrain their emotions and the sweet and wrinkled countenances become wreathed with smiles and they seem once again to be imbued with youth. They look with delight at the children as they dance with excitement! Willingly do they tell them stories of Christmas of bygone years. As they sit, the man with the pipe in his mouth, and the woman with her knitting on her lap, dreaming, nodding, reviewing old memories, their thoughts wander to the

(Continued on page fourteen)

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SAY! Aren't you glad it's Christmas? Isn't it great to cast aside those books for two weeks and enjoy a pleasant vacation? Isn't it great to rush enthusiastically into the house and fall into the arms of your fond parents? I say, isn't it great to muss up your own room again? Don't you long for the time when you can place your "number twelves" under your Dad's table and say, "shoot th'—!" er-er-no, but "Mother dear, please pass the turkey?" It's a glad and glorious feeling that comes with celebrating this season of love, pleasure, and thanksgiving. However, during this festive season we must not forget that we are sons of Clemson. We are the best advertisement that our college has. Let's not forget our trusts as true Tigers and loyal sons of our Alma Mater.

It is the ambition of the "Chronicle" to establish in its columns an open "forum" for the benefit of all those who are interested in the advancement of Clemson College. By this, we mean a place for the publication of opinions, ideas, and suggestions advanced by students, faculty members, and the interested public. If you are a student, and have a suggestion to make as to the management of the college, write it to the "Forum Editor" of the "Chronicle" and let others have the benefit of it. Or, if you are a faculty member, and have a plan that will enable students to gain more benefit from their studying, let them know about it through our columns. These are only suggestions as to how such a department could be made useful, and we hope that you will co-operate with us in making it a success.

WHY WE COME TO COLLEGE?

Well, why? It is not our purpose to attempt to tell you. **We want you to tell us**—and we are willing to reward the student who can best answer the question. Here is our plan: To the student writing the best answer in an article of not less than two hundred words we will give a prize of five dollars. The contest is open to any student, and will extend until February 1st. The papers will be judged by a committee consisting of a member of the "Chronicle" staff, an officer of the college, and a member of the faculty.

It is with pleasure we note the action of the Calhoun and Palmetto literary societies in holding a joint meeting. It is a step towards progress, and can be made the forerunner of a great revival in literary society work. Competition is said to be the life of trade, and the same statement holds especially true in literary societies. It is our ambition to see monthly joint meetings open to public attendance, and having for inter-society discussion subjects of real value and interest to the members. We also look for more encouragement towards preparation of declamations and orations. Let us make our meetings of more interest to a greater number students. Advertise our societies, especially when we are having joint meetings. Every meeting should be a "society celebration." Think what it would mean towards having a real "celebration" at commencement! Take the work seriously and get the most pleasure and benefit from it in the long run.

(Continued from page eight)

folders to say what he could have said in three sentences. And one other type is the letter written by the boy who doesn't care. He 'takes his pen in hand' and writes and spells as he thinks it should be written and spelled, regardless of the rules he may have learned in English Composition."

The essay on Lovelace and Suckling shows a great deal of work, but it approaches a mere chronicle of facts that is not very interesting.

The news department and the jokes were of interest to your students, but rather hard for an outsider to appreciate. Your exchange editor is absolutely immune from any criticism. She wields a mighty influence, and has a too ready access to reciprocation to warrant any criticism from this lowly writer.

(Continued from page eleven)

story of the Manger and on through the life of the Saviour—of His blessed career and at last the unselfish ending. The pipe falls from the grandsire's mouth and on the floor. They awake and discuss their dreams.

"Nellie, the true Christmas spirit is the spirit that the Saviour exhibited when He died on the Cross—unselfishness and sacrifice."

"You are right, John. That is the spirit that makes Christmas."

They are right. The children, the youth, the middle age, the old age, though they view Christmas from different angles and through glasses of different magnitude, all focus on the same objective—mutual happiness. This is obtained only through unselfishness and sacrifice. Hence the Birthday of the Lord Jesus is the day of greater happiness.

See Hoke Sloan

An ex-Clemson man in business at Clemson.

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home. She was then about two years old, and he thought what a nice little plaything this tiny fish would make for her. So putting the little fish in his water bottle he took it home.

Little black Annabelle was very much delighted over her new pet, but Uncle Pat feared that it would not live. One of its eyes was gone and one fin was torn off in the cruel trap. Pat put the little crippled fish out in the horse trough and there it stayed for many days. Each day little Annabelle would feed it worms or crumbs.

One night little Annabelle became very sick. Uncle Pat got on old Maud and went for the doctor, but before he could get back the little pickaniny had passed away—pneumonia had claimed its victim.

The old man was now left in the world alone with the little bass. With a heavy heart he took the little fish, which had to its native stream. "Someday we shall see each other again," he said, as he let the little fish go, "and we shall be in that golden city together!"

"That was nineteen years ago," he told the younger negro, "and as I looked through the sights of that rifle. I could see that the bass had only one eye and that its left fin was missing. That was the same fish which my little Annabelle had loved, and I could not kill it."

The younger negro picked up the rifle, slung it upon his shoulder and with one arm around Uncle Pat's waist, started for home. Uncle Pat had missed.



Drink deep of the Christmas spirit,
Not only on Christmas day,
From morn till night, from year to year,
And joy will come your way.

'Twas the same, same Christmas spirit
Christ the Savious did profess;
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THE HILLS 'O CHESTERFIELD

W. L. BAKER

When o'er yon balmy rugged height
The sun at last is sinking low,
My soul on me'mrys wing takes flight
To dwell on scenes I used to know.
I climb again the same old hills
I loved as a sunburnt lad,
I wander by the same old rills
As I used to do with dad.

I can hear the cattle lowing
While coming up the lane,
I can hear sweet breezes blowing
And see waving fields o'grain.
I can hear gay birds a' singing
On boughs in blossom apple trees,
And see them skyward winging
On the bosom o' the breeze.

I see those clear-cut, evening stars
Blinking, sparkling so brave and bold—
With the God of reeking wars,
Looking through the distant cold.
And o'er a lone and silent mill
There's a silvery autumn Moon afloat,
While a mournful Whippoorwill
Sends forth a plaintive note.

While in the mid-night's holy hush
I hear a tender, pleading voice—
Ah! sweet mem'ry seems to crush—
Mother praying for her boys.
Ye saints! but those thoughts are sweet
When the night is sett'ling down.
Soon I shall gladly greet
Friends o'hills and pals o' town.
Yea! where love her charm extends
And maliced cups are ever sealed
Are found earths sweetest friends—
O'er the hills o' Chesterfield.

RUINED BY RADIO

H. E. GAFFNEY



WHOOE—ee—ee—weow—oruooow!!

"Darn these radio sets, anyhow!" ejaculated Bill Shanks, as he passed through a series of mysterious contortions with various knobs of a Grebe CR-9 receiver, in a vain attempt to clear up the wave of a distant broadcasting station. As if in protest to his irritation there came a tremendous wail from the loud-speaker at his elbow, followed by a burst of "Yes, We Have No Bananas." A smile of satisfaction lit the face of the operator, as he leaned back in his chair to enjoy the reward of his patience.

Rumor had it that Shanks was living in this little cabin in the woods along the shore of Lake Tahassee because of some trouble that he had gotten into in the city. If there was in trouble in his life, however, it was not apparent to an observer of his actions. In fact, he seemed to be extraordinarily happy, doing nothing but fishing and hunting in the day-time and enjoying the company of his pipe and radio at night. The little shack in which he lived, though merely a hut of rough logs, was very comfortably furnished in a manner quite becoming to a "citified" woodsman.

"This is WXY!" came in stentorian tones from the loud-speaker. "We have been requested to announce that a reward of five hundred dollars has been offered for the apprehension of Robert Lowry, of this city, who is believed to be a dangerous lunatic. On Saturday of last week this man, after totally wrecking a radio receiving set belonging to his wife, rushed up town to the store of Leland and Lowndes, dealers in radio equipment, over-powered the clerk in charge, and completely destroyed every receiving set in the building. When last seen, Lowry was headed in the direction of Lake Tahasse. Residents of that section are urged to keep a sharp lookout for the fugitive and to notify local police headquarters if he is captured.

Lowry is described as being five feet eight in height, weighing one hundred thirty pounds, having red hair and blue eyes, and being easily indentified by an ugly scar on the back of his neck—Our next number—." Here the voice from the loud-speaker was interrupted by a knock on the door of the shack. It was unusual for Nye to be having visitors at this time of night, so taking a revolver from the drawer of the table, he put it in his pocket and went over and cautiously opened the door. A man in a tattered blue suit stepped forward into the light from the open door.

"Can I come in and rest awhile, mister?" he asked in a tried voice.

Now Bill Shanks was a soft-hearted man and something told him that here was one in trouble.

"Sure, if your business is peaceable. I'm always glad to have company," he replied, opening the door wider and beckoning to the man to come in.

The visitor was indeed disreputable in appearance. He was unshaven, and his mop of bushy red hair looked as if it had not seen a comb in a week. The torn clothes in which he was dressed were covered with mud.

"Well," he said, as he walked into the room and threw himself down into a chair, "I think I've got 'em all now. If another one ever crosses my path again I'll—What!!!" Letting out a terrible yell he made a dive for the radio set on the table. And at that instant Shanks recognized his man. It was Robert Lowry, the radio lunatic! Before he could stop him, the maniac had completely destroyed the loud-speaker. At this point Bill managed to grab him, and in the brisk struggle that ensued threw him to the floor. As the lunatic fell, his head hit the corner of the radio table, rendering him unconscious.

Bill stared at him in amazement.

"Of all the crazy fools, he's the worst I ever saw! Still I guess there's nothing to do but put him to bed until he comes to. That five hundred dollar reward will come in mighty handy." Pulling an extra cot from a closet in the far end of the shack, he put the man on it and covered him up.

But Bill himself did not go to bed just then. He stepped quietly over to the radio set and picked up the damaged loudspeaker. "Can't take a chance with that bird around," he said to himself, as he gently lifted the apparatus from the table, and transferred it to the closet in the other end of the room, taking especial precaution to lock the closet door. He then settled himself for the night and blew out the solitary lamp that lit the room.

He was awakened early the next morning by a hand touching him on the shoulder. He glanced up from his bunk to be greeted by the puzzled face of his visitor of the night before.

"What in the dickens am I doing here, buddy?"

By this time Shanks was fully awake.

"You came in last night and tried to tear up my radio, and if I hadn't stopped you, you would have succeeded!" he replied.

A thoughtful expression came over the other man's features.

"Radio? Wait! my mind seems to be clearing up. U-m! Let me see. My wife had a radio. Gosh! what have I done? It seems like I can remember tearing up a radio—several of them." From the pained expression that came over his face, one could see that he was having a struggle to recall the incidents of the past few days.

"That's allright, old man." said Bill, "Wait until I get breakfast, and we will talk this thing over. In the meantime, you take a walk and get your mind freshened up."

About the time breakfast was ready, the man came back from his walk, a smile upon his face.

When they had sat down to the table, Shanks motioned his visitor to proceed with his story.

"Well, its quite a long tale. To begin with, my name is Lowry, Robert Lowry. Up to six months ago I was as happy as any man on earth. I had a nice bungalow, where I lived with my wife, and I was successful in business. My wife and I loved each other dearly, and I never dreamed that my life could be anything but happy.

"But one day my wife bought a radio, and ever since my life has been miserable. Oh, that plagued radio! No one knows what it has done to me!"

Here he became so violent in his facial expression that Shanks glanced covertly in the direction of the closet to see that it was locked.

"And my wife!" went on the miserable man, "She hasn't given me a speck of notice since that day. From early in the morning till late at night she would sit by the horrible contraption and go wild over the foolish things that came through it. And when she would speak to me it would be about some smart thing that WEEP said, or some new hickey that would let her receive bunk from double distance. She even got to the point where she wouldn't cook meals for me. Why, great spoons! I haven't eaten anything in my home for two months but sandwiches. But the strange part about it is that she got worse instead of better. She even moved her bed over beside the pesky thing, so that she wouldn't miss anything. Things continued to go on in this way until, finally, the climax came. This is how it was:

A few days ago I was in my office, all fixed up to put over a fifty thousand dollar business deal, and had fifteen minutes in which to close before my option on the particular property involved ran out. Suddenly I recalled that I had left a very important paper at the house.

(Continued on page 12)

WHY WE COME TO COLLEGE

E. W. CARPENTER

Winner of First Prize



MAN'S one vain quest in this world has been and will be in seeking the answer to the vain question, "Why?"

A babe asks why we have to die, and a sage frowns unknowingly. Scientists, physicists, psychologists and physicians astound us with the discovery of hitherto unknown laws. Their explanations suffice temporarily. Then one who thinks deeper asks, "Why?", and soon we find that the first discoveries were only rudimentary. There is no point where mortals can stop and say, "Here—I have it all".

If we inquire why one attends college, we are soon lost in myriads of true but useless facts. The answer to this problem lies in the individual. Few men come to college with the same goal in view, and it is best that this is so. Some seek knowledge; others want observation. A few delve deep into details and data; others want only general mental development.

Such purposes all involve the process of learning to think, and this underlying derivative is one of the biggest benefits of a college education. The modern college does not teach one to be a mere artisan. It seeks to elevate man above this stage, and in this word "ele-

vate" we have a clue to the deeper purpose of a college education.

There is something within every man that strives for recognition. There is a soul, a character, an intellect—call it what you may—that constantly struggles with the outer man. Ignorance, custom, environment, and heredity all tend to bind this inner being. It is the duty of the college to release this power; to free man from the handicaps that tend to hold him down on the level with animals. There is a purpose for which every man is best fitted to achieve. Education makes it possible for a man to achieve this purpose and thereby live the best life for which he was originally endowed.

Ability, talent, and knowledge are all a means to an end. In themselves they are not worthy of man's endeavors. They are only details in God's great gift to man; yet without the details we have no life. We do not go to college to store our minds with knowledge. This isn't the object. We store our minds with knowledge that in doing so we may give to the world a well lived life with all its benefits to mankind.

WHY WE COME TO COLLEGE

T. E. DORN

Honorable Mention

It would be a difficult task to give a definite reason why so many young people leave their homes and spend a large part of their lives in college. There are various reasons why these young people come to college; some come because their friends do; others because their parents want them disciplined; some to participate in athletics; others to enjoy society.

Some come to increase their learning capacity. They want to obtain skill and to gain information in certain lines of work. The

world always has, and always will, demand efficiency. The man who takes advantage of the opportunity to train himself is the man who makes a success in life. There are so many trained men in the world today that it is very necessary for us to become efficient.

Many fine fellows come to college to look for culture and to develop character. The young student needs that development which enables him to become a better citizen; that deepening of sympathy which will enable him to understand the point of view of other men;

that knowledge which will help him to find the best in life. Many students develop fine characters which the world will ever demand.

The main reason why most students come to college is to find themselves. The courses offered there often help them to find out what they want to do. A new situation will make new decisions necessary, and test the real stuff of which a fellow is made. Mingling

with men will broaden his vision and develop his personality. If we are to become successes in life, we should know the creatures with whom we are to work throughout our lives—men. Students are becoming dissatisfied with themselves; they go to college because they want something more than they had before they went. All students are looking forward to the great reward which will give them recognition in life—a college diploma.

WHY WE GO TO COLLEGE

W. P. TIMMERMAN

Honorable Mention

The ultimate aim of all life is happiness. One's life is never successful if he has not found happiness, no matter how great his wealth. We strive for riches, social position, and popularity, but unconsciously we are seeking a higher and nobler possession—happiness—an immortal gift of God to mankind.

What can one do in order to gain happiness? I think this question is easily answered. He must be able to understand; understand his fellow men, his civilization, nature, and himself. Then the beauties of nature, the good in men, and the magnificence of his age will all penetrate his broad vision and bring to him ethereal happiness.

Now, "Why Go to College?" What do you gain by spending four or more years in a school of higher learning? You may gain nothing. Many lose by embibing habits that are detrimental to character. To these a college course is a waste of time.

But the others? Those who recognize the aims of colleges? Their college years are the most profitable of years.

In college, a student chooses one course and masters it. But his knowledge would be very limited indeed, if in pursuing his chosen course, he should neglect all others. The civil engineer who cannot use good English will never rise far above the ranks.

The college graduate, who has taken ad-

vantage of all opportunities to increase his knowledge, has stored in the chambers of his intellect much material that will never yield him direct financial returns. Yet I wonder if this material is worthless? No! It is valuable. Here you will find the ideals of his life, ideals formed after years of study. These are the forces that shall direct his life, forbid him to take unfair advantage, make him courteous to all, and endow him with that assurance which makes it possible for men to see beauty in a storm.

Surely a life directed by such ideals, founded on understanding, will bring happiness.

I do not contend that all college graduates become successful and happy, nor that one who never goes to college cannot be happy. I do think, however, that the educated man has a greater chance of becoming truly happy. The man who doesn't understand cannot appreciate. His is a pitiful plight! Blindly groping after pleasure, he seeks in vain that which he doesn't understand. Money cannot buy that which he sees other men enjoying free of charge.

To be successful, a life must be happy. To be happy, one must understand the things that bring happiness. Colleges can give this understanding quicker and better than any other institution. That is "Why I Go To College".

JOHN C. CALHOUN—THE SOUTH CAROLINIAN

W. W. BRYAN



TO us who are students in a college situated on the home plantation which he loved so well, a college founded by his son-in-law who also managed the Fort Hill plantation for the time, the life of John C. Calhoun as a South Carolinian, instead of as a national character whose place in the annals of the United States is undisputed, assumes a special significance.

That Calhoun loved his home with a deep affection and longed to return to its joys and cares, even while he was engaged in state matters of vast importance, is shown by a letter which he wrote his eldest daughter, Anna Marie, who was later to become Mrs. Thomas G. Clemson. From the fascination of the political circles of Washington, the distinguished Carolina statesman wrote, "I would not have heard a word about the humming birds, their familiarity, the vines, their blooms, the freshness of the spring, the green yard, the children's gardens, and finally Patrick's mechanical genius and his batteaux, every item of which excited agreeable associations, but accompanied with the painful recollection of my long absence from those so dear to me. I hope the period is now near at hand that will put a termination to my absence. (Congress will probably adjourn in a month.) If so, a month more, and my face will be turned homeward to my great delight."

With the Southern plantation life, to which Calhoun was born and in which he was eminently successful long before his public triumphs, we are all probably more or less familiar. Each plantation, especially in the far-off upper section where Calhoun was reared on his father's place at Long Cane, near Abbeville, and where he made his own home at Fort Hill, was almost an independent state in itself. The management of such a plantation developed talents for government which later could be transferred to a far broader field. Of this phase of Calhoun's early life, Col. Starke, a

native of the Calhoun region in South Carolina, writes, "The faithful discharge of the duties of the proprietor of a plantation in former times demanded administrative as well as moral qualities of a high order. There never was a better school for the education of statesmen than the administration of a Southern plantation under the former regime. A well-governed plantation was a well-ordered little independent state. Surrounded with such environments, Calhoun grew up at this school."

Early in boyhood, like most Southern boys, Calhoun began physical work on the plantation, and later began to take an active part in its management. Before he finally left his boyhood home, he managed, almost entirely, the holdings of his father, Patrick Calhoun. Something of the completely self-sustaining nature of these holdings may be learned from another passage by Col. Starke, which says, "The sheep were shorn and the wool made into winter clothing; the hides of cattle eaten on the place were tanned into leather and made into shoes by his own shoemaker; he had his own carpenters, wheelwright, and blacksmiths, and in addition to cattle and sheep the old planter raised his own stock of horses and mules. He grew his own wheat for flour, besides raising other small grain, corn, and cotton. He distilled his own brandy from peaches and sweetened it with honey manufactured by his own bees. His negroes were well fed and clothed, and carefully attended to in sickness, virtually freed in old age, and supported in comfort till their death."

When he came into manhood and was married, Calhoun continued the handling of his own plantations with the same care and skill he had exhibited in handling that of his father's. He was not a man of great wealth, being simply a Southern land-owner, with both the luxuries and hardships—for there were hardships—of that class. He wrote, in 1837, that

his highest ambition as to money was to be independent, in a moderate and plain mode of living."

The portion of South Carolina—the plantation—which Calhoun best loved, though he owned other large places, was Fort Hill, where Clemson College is located today. Just after marriage, he lived at a place called "Bath", on the ridge between the Savannah and Little rivers, and also owned a plantation in Marengo County, Alabama; but it was the Fort Hill place which held the topmost position in his heart.

He bought the place in 1826, when he and his wife made the decision to live in the South, instead of at Washington, as they had once contemplated. Writing to a Northern friend, Calhoun, describing the place, said "It is situated in Pendleton (evidently meaning in the Pendleton District, near the mountains. The soil is indifferent, but the climate is fine." Another writer, who lived nearby, tells us of the residence occupying a commanding site near the banks of the Seneca river, and that "luxuriant fields of cotton and corn sloped down to the water's edge. Wooded hills rose beyond, stretching away to the foot of the mountains, where the bold outlines of the Blue Ridge bounded the view."

Large numbers of guests were almost always present at Fort Hill—hosts of Calhoun's friends and public contemporaries making stays at his home. With the hospitality of the Old South, the house was always ready to receive

every body who cared to spend the night.

Grass-covered yards, with great avenues of oaks and cedars, some of which still stand, surrounded the Calhoun home. Further to the southern slope of the hill on which the house is located were the orchard and garden. On the ridge across the river bottoms stood the remains of an old fortification built by General Pickens in Revolutionary times, and from these ruins the plantation took its name. The ruins of this fort are now gone, but a stone monument erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Trustees of Clemson College marks its location.

That Calhoun was a pioneer in improved agriculture is shown by the fact that he introduced hill-side ditching to prevent the washing away of soils, introduced Bermuda grass for grazing, imported blooded cattle, and improved the breed of hogs. While Calhoun was in Washington, he, of course, had to have someone to manage the plantation for him, but whenever he was at home he went over the farm daily and supervised practically all operations on the place. In 1841, his son spend the rest of the week getting others in the place with entire satisfaction.

From such a successful Southern plantation of the Old South has grown an institution which today teaches improved agriculture, engineering, and allied sciences to the youth of South Carolina, the state which John C. Calhoun loved so well.



WHAT CONFUCIUS HAS DONE FOR CHINA

KO-CHIA LI

The name by which the great Chinese sage is known is Kung Fu-Tsze, or the Master Kung. He was born in 550 B. C., and when he grew older he wandered for thirteen years seeking rest and patrons. He was frightened by what he saw and heard, and he was led to believe that the world was falling into a great decadence. This thought prompted him to start his great reformation.

When he was twenty-two years old he started a school for young men who wished to be instructed in the right principles of conduct and government. Soon his disciples amounted to three thousand followers, seventy-two of whom were scholars of extraordinary ability. These followers attended his every move or word. They intently followed his teachings of ancient history, poetry, and rites of their state. Several rose to high positions in the state, and the fact that these great men admired and revered Confucius is evidence of his true greatness. These few men who fearlessly proclaimed Confucius the greatest of all mortal men struck the note that still resounds throughout ages.

When Confucius was fifty-two years of age he was made chief magistrate of the city of Chung-Tu. His career was so successful that the Marquis made him minister of crime, and his control became even more brilliantly successful. Crime diminished to an incredibly small degree. A new era set in. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of men, and chastity and docility those of women. Strangers flocked to the banners of the new idol, Confucius, and songs of praise arose from all his people. At this time some of his greatest efforts were spent in overthrowing the power of the fortified cities throughout China. The chiefs in these cities ruled over the surrounding country in much the same manner that the feudal barons of Europe did.

Confucius' fame became too great though, and the Marquis of Tsi devised a plan to overthrow the sage's power. He sent beautiful women, fine horses, and precious gifts to the Marquis of Lu so that the sage was forgotten amid dissipations and revels. At the age of fifty-six years Confucius left the state of Lu and commenced a period of wanderings. He never returned to his former power in the state.

Following Confucius' deposition, China entered into a stage of decline. Literature which had been written before the prophet's time was neglected and began to become extinct. Confucius started collecting these works and supplementing them. He revived interest in the records of antiquity, and the world today owes its knowledge of the old world largely to the efforts of Confucius. He wrote several books and prefaced others, but his greatest work was not as a writer. He once said that he was a transmitter and not a maker.

Confucius is to the people of Eastern Asia as Christ is to the Christians. His work has differed in that Christ aroused people's spiritual life, while Confucius was concerned more with the intellectual life of his people. He spoke of the moral and political activities as distinguished from religious matters. The books of the great sage are studied now in both public and private schools. His highest hope was that the people might be taught to obey the laws of the land and live righteously.

There is a Confucian temple in every town or city in China. These Chinese have revered him for thousands of years and his teachings will never be forgotten. His birthday is made a nationwide holiday, and on this day every one, including the president and the lowest coolie, must go to one of his

(Continued on page 12)

Tiger Cheer

Geology Prof.: "You know, when I was up in the mountains last summer with a geological party—"

Smart Student (interrupting): "Look here doc, what was her name 'sho nuff'?"

Economics Prof.: "Now ordinarily, supply is"—

"Hunker" Pruitt: "Professor, may I ask a question?"

E. P.: "Certainly, Mr. Pruitt."

H. P.: "Well, who is Prudence Church?"

Der Lehrer: "Are you a technologist or social psychologist?"

Jake: "I'm only a sophomore."

Son: "Father, what is a genius?"

Father: "Son, a genius is a man who can take a traveling salesman's joke and revise it so that it will be accepted by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

—Widow

Mrs. Levinsky: "My Rebecca has an A. B."

Mrs. Levy: "Vell, my Rowena has an Ikey."

—Whirlwind

How about the bird that tested his moonshine with litmus and found it (the litmus) was turned three different colors? f

The judge was giving his regulation lecture on the evils of gambling. "So you see," he concluded, "what a wicked thing it is to shoot craps, especially on the Sabbath. Have you nothing better than that to do on Sundays?"

"Oh, yassuh. Judge," replied the prisoner, "Most gen'ally ah caddies fo' you when you play golf with Mr. Edwards fo' a dollar a hole."

'25: "What salary do you think I'm getting now?"

'26: "About half."

'25: "Half of what?"

'26: "What you say."



Exchanges

The Journal—Wofford College

Take as an entirety the Journal possesses a surprising amount of real good literature in it. We have little to criticise in the structure of the book. It might have been better if the editorial department had not been placed in the back of the book. Placing it in this manner gives the reader the impression that it is a mere necessity that has no especial value. Generally this would be bad, but in view of the fact that the department is really creditable, it is specifically wrong. There seems to be a preponderance of poems, but they are of a fair quality, several being excellent.

"A Young Man's Problem" attracted our attention first because of its title. Then its subject matter held us after we had proceeded into the body of the essay. It is extremely unusual and possessed of deep thought content, but it has one fault. The conclusion of the otherwise excellent essay fails. After taking the reader into the realm of baffling and intricate problems, the essay leaves one staring at a far distant, feeble light that may or may not lead to a solution.

The other essay of the issue was fine. It had interest of subject, technique, and style. It was extremely informative, and presented one of the best discussions of the world court that this writer has read.

The two short stories were fairly creditable. The travelogue would have been interesting if it had been more attractively written. The expression seemed to be cramped and unnatural.

The College of Charleston

The salty savor of this magazine blends pleasingly with a variety of humor and talent. "Folk Lore While You Wait" is commendable for its true negro color and good dialogue. Although some of the characterization was vague the story seems somehow reminiscent of the stories of "Uncle Remus".

The one-act play "The Pre-Mortem Examination" is a decided deviation from the usual college play. The extreme type of modern college conversation used in the play is at

first an interesting shock, but in the latter part of the story it becomes rather forced and artificial—like a preacher trying to cuss, you know!

The other contribution that deserves mention is the poem "If". We wish to say that it has fine thought content; is firmly expressed, and is strongly appealing to man's finer senses.

The departmental and editorial sections present work that is unusually lively and interesting. Keep working—we like your magazine.

The Wesleyan

Wesleyan College; Macon, Ga.

Without straining reputation, duty, or opinion we may easily say that the Wesleyan is just about the best college monthly publication that we have received as an exchange. It has balance, style, quality, quantity, and nearly every essential that makes a good issue.

We found your short stories very interesting. The "Thanksgiving for Three," and "The Masquerade Mystery" were about the two best ones. They were filled with color, action, and interest, and were practically devoid of noticeable artificiality.

You carried the Science idea through successfully, and all the articles relative to this subject were interesting and informative. We beg permission to republish a short paragraph from the editorial "A Microscopic View of God." College boys studying engineering are prone to think that they are missing the beautiful things of life but this thought should help them.

"Science, the 'natural philosophy' of the world, with its revelations of the secrets of organic beings, of the human mind, and of forces and matter, reveals God to us more impressively than anything else outside the Book and the man. Miracles of wonder and beauty have been misunderstood and distorted so much by some that science seems a force dimming the power of God. To most of us who have studied science in a Christian College under Christian teachers, science has become a clear, transparent glass through which God's power is seen and revered."

Acknowledgement

To the date of issue of this number the Chronicle has received the following exchanges: Carolinian, Erothesian, Concept, Newberry Stylus, Wesleyan, Criterion, Collegian, Journal, Isaqueena, Technique, Pine Branch, Echo, Technician, Tarheel, Sewanee Purple, College of Charleston Magazine. We wish to express our appreciation of these courtesies and to assure the editors of these publications that their issues will be reviewed as time and space permit.

(Continued from page 4)

I ran to the phone and asked my wife if she would get in the car and bring it to me immediately. I had expected her to refuse, and now I wish to goodness that she had. But by a strange chance she said that she would, so I went back to my office and explained the circumstances to my customer, assuring him that the paper would be on hand in a few minutes. So we waited. Fifteen minutes passed, and I began to sweat. Then eighteen, and still no wife had appeared. Twenty, twenty-five—too late; the deal was all off! And then I lit out for home. Do you know how I found her? Parked in front of that infernal radio set, listening to a fashion talk from some blasted broadcasting station, with my papers in her hand!!

"'Oh, hello, dear,' she said as I came in the door. 'I started to bring your papers, but I just couldn't miss Madame Guzzlem's talk on remodeling fall hats. She says that they are wearing———.'

"I exploded. All I remember is that I grabbed that pile of radio junk, took it out to the woodhouse, and used the axe on it. What I did after that I do not know." At this point Lowry dropped his head into his hands and sighed, "I can't go back to that woman—I can't, I can't!" Here Bill Shanks interrupted.

"Don't take it so hard, old man. Now I will finish the story for you."

Lowry looked up at him in surprise.

"When you left your home you entered the largest radio store in town, overpowered the clerk, and tore up every radio set in the building, and as well as I remember they carry a-

round a ten thousand dollar stock."

Amazement covered Lowry's face.

"Then," went on Shanks, "you left town, and have been branded as a lunatic. Last reports were that the authorities are offering a five hundred dollar reward for your capture."

"And how do you know all this?" gasped Lowry.

Shanks smiled.

"My little radio told me a few minutes before you came in last night."

Lowry let out a tremendous oath.

"Radio will kill me yet," and then, calming down, went on, "Well, I suppose you intend to take me in and collect the reward, eh?"

Shanks smiled again.

"Nope, old timer. You have suffered enough from radio."

(Continued from page 9)

temples and bow down to the picture of China's great sage Confucius.

Some of the teachings of Confucius are given below:

What you do not like when done to yourself do not do to others.

Love and honor your parents and relatives.

Be faithful to your friends and patriotic to your country.

Be kind not only to your neighbor but to all mankind.

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.

The superior man does not promote a man solely because of his words, nor does he put good words aside because of the man.

A poor man who does not flatter, and a rich man who is not proud, are passable characters; but they are not equal to the poor who yet are cheerful, and the rich who yet love the rules of propriety.

Learning undigested by thought, is labor lost; thought unassisted by learning, is perilous.

The cautious seldom err.

These principles compose Chinese character. Learned men can repeat every sentence in the classical books of Confucius, while ordinary laymen have scores of his maxims in their minds.

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WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE

H. S. GAULT

Recently, while awaiting the arrival of a train, a friend and I were addressed by a stranger.

"Aren't you boys from Clemson College?"

We assured him that we were and he continued,

"I have a nephew who finished there. However, I can't, to save my life, see what advantage his education is to him, because he returned home the day he finished and begun plowing. Well, he's still there."

His remark brought forth a laugh from the bystanders, at our expense.

However, without hesitation, I came back at him.

"And is your nephew satisfied with the work he is doing? Is he happy?"

He paused a moment before he replied.

"Yes, I believe he is. He seems perfectly satisfied and content."

"Then", said I, "I don't believe his time and money were wasted, because he has something that many fail to get out of a whole life—HAPPINESS."

This instance of the farm lad seems to fit in exactly with my idea of a success. Therefore, as a conclusion of the matter, I will say that I came to college to study for a profession in which I hope to find contentment in serving.

But, you say, the trouble with the world today is that too many people are satisfied with their lowly positions. I agree with you, but knowing myself better than anyone else, I do not believe that this "desired bliss" shall be mine until I have climbed higher than these unfortunate ones you have mentioned. But, if such be my lot and I am happy, I will have realized the purpose of my going to college.

W. P. TIMMERMAN

All of us do not have the opportunity of procuring an education. Some of us have more than an opportunity, but fail to take the best advantage of it. But why all the discussion concerning a good education and going to college? To me there are three reasons of paramount importance in answer to the vital question, "Why Go to College?"

First, it is my duty to God. He has endowed me with a talent of some kind, with some preeminent and special aptitude, a faculty for effective performance along certain lines. He is expecting me to develop this rich endowment for the uplift of my fellow associates, and, thereby, for the advancement of civilization. My failure to do so not only brings forth the title of "unprofitable servant", but, also an injury to those with whom I come in contact.

Second, it is my duty to my country. We all know that the destiny of our nation depends upon its people. And my country is calling for loyal, aggressive citizenship. In obedience to this appeal I must fit myself so that I may qualify and to conform to this standard of duty, I must prepare myself with a college education. In searching the records I find more college men at the head of the government than any other class of men, and too, I find that the foremost men of today have received college educations.

The childhood of a nation depends upon its parenthood, and the foundation of a child's mind should be rightly and solidly laid. All real education of the mind must begin by recognizing the fact that the mind is built upon the senses, and depends upon them for operation. Then it is the parent's first duty

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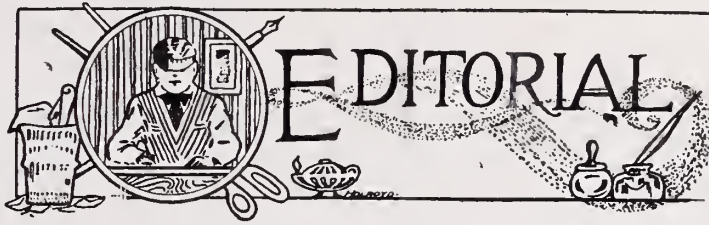
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THE LIAR

Sin has many tools, but the liar is the handle that fits them all.

There is no comparison to the Liar. He is the "heap big chief" of the entire tribe of wrongdoers, on the reservation of sin. The lie, in itself, of course, is wrong, but the main injury lies in the harmful effects which almost invariably occur as a direct or indirect consequence of prevarication. One lie leads to another; innocent people suffer; but the lie has been told. What then, expose the untruth? Of course not! Tell another to cover the first—so goes the chain until the results are deadly—yet, the entire string of complications can be traced to a tiny little "fib".

When a murderer is apprehended, he is sent to the electric chair. A horse thief, when caught, is hanged. The liar is unmolested. If the penalty for lying were life imprisonment or death, I daresay, the jails and cemeteries would occupy nine-tenths of the inhabited territory of the world. Too little attention is given to the results of lies. We laugh at little Johnnie when he tells a "cute" lie. He should be shown his mistake instead of encored. He thinks, to himself, that a smart clever lie is better as an applause getter than that futile attempt he made to stand on his head—result: more and better lies.

Some types of liars are the Sunday Christians, who go to church on the Sabbath and

spend the rest of the week getting others in bad. The scandal mongers are those who gossip continually about things which do not concern them. When a bit of scandal seems too tame, the addition of a little exaggeration helps so much, especially when a wild story has just been told.

The conscience of a habitual liar becomes dead. Any other type of wrong-doer has little or no conscience, yet the liar is not branded as a criminal. Indeed he is welcomed into the home, the church, in the best society. Naturally, a bit of prevarication for fun's sake is not condemned, provided it is known to be false and is disregarded.

J. T. E. '29.

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HATS — TIES — CAPS

(Continued from page 15)

to see that all the child's senses are trained as well as possible, because there are the avenues of knowledge, and the mind is taught by them.

Lastly, it is my duty to self and fellowmen. To know myself is my duty. Many physical wrecks are due to the lack of knowledge of the wonderful mechanism of the body. Therefore, the abuse of the body leads to unhappiness, and finally death. Socially, it is my

duty to go to college. When in contact with the educated I am at ease, and am free from embarrassment. Financially, I have an advantage over my uneducated contemporaries. In all the avenues of life the college man is surrounded by an educating air. His fellow men are watching him closely, and great is the influence upon his fellowmen.

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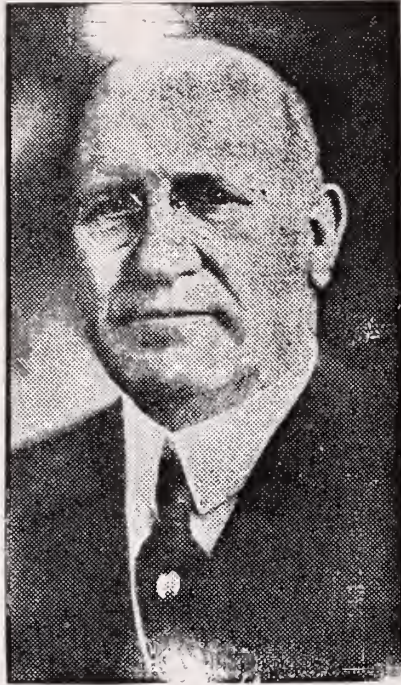
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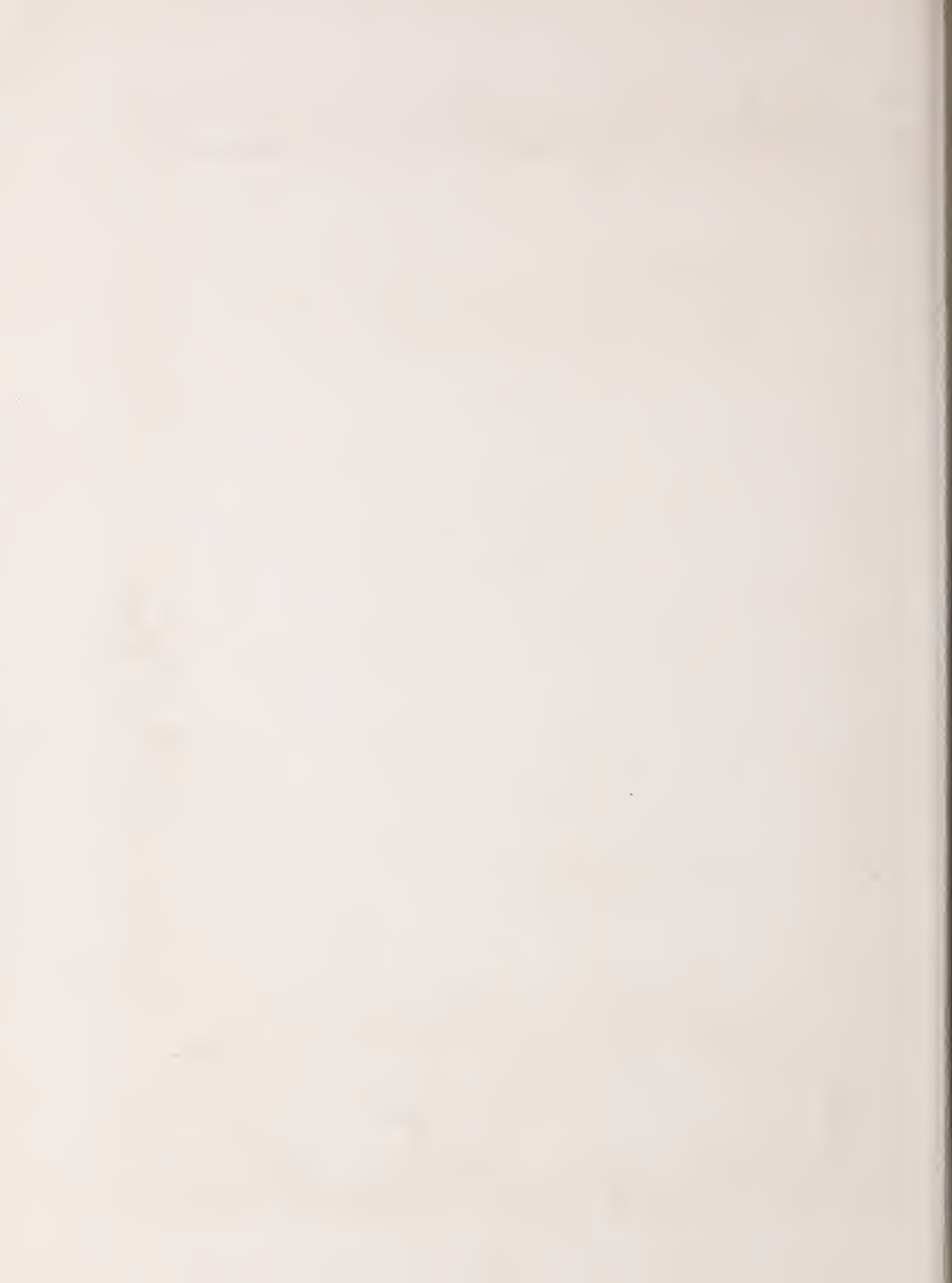
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The Chronicle



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Chronicle

Edited by FRED LEITZSEY

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TAPS

FRED B. LEITZSEY, '26

On the gang-plank near the guard room,
Stand up now, Bugler, and blow;
Take your time and blow it softly;
For the day's tasks are o'er.
Some of 'em are asleep already
So make it soothing and light,
The day's treated some of 'em badly,
O'blow 'em at least good-night!

So blow, Bugler, soft and easy
Down the road to the used-to-be;
And back to the sunshiny mornings
When there was no reveille;
And the birds singing in at his windows
And calling him out to play.
Oh, Bugler, blow sweet till he hears you,
And smiles to know it is day.

THE DESERTER

GLENN BUIE, '27

"What will be the verdict?" This thought flashed through the mind of Steve Huntley, as the officer counted the votes. Finally the President of the court arose to announce the result. In a solemn tone he said, "Each member of the court voted 'Guilty'—guilty of desertion from his post in time of war."

The court then closed for consideration of the sentence. Again the President arose; in his same solemn tone he announced, "All members of the court vote 'For' the death sentence."

These words crushed the prisoner's only hopes.

The young man hung his head in shame and fear, for he knew that he would be shot at sunrise.

No one in the court room sympathized with him except his proud and anxious mother, who had fixed all her hopes in him, as her only son. She knew his many faults, and although she loved him, and thought there was no other like him, she knew that he was a coward and that he could not die like a man. He was unlike his father, who had been a brave and proud colonel in the Civil War, and had brought honor to his great name in everything he undertook. What could she do to save him and his family from disgrace? The court had found him guilty of desertion, had sentenced him to be shot at sunrise. Apparently nothing could save him. What a relief it would have been to his old mother if she could only know that her son would have the courage to face death bravely.

There was apparently nothing to do; nevertheless the heart-broken mother busied herself with appeals in every quarter where there might be a ray of hope. She telegraphed her congressman, Army Headquarters, and the President of the United States. If she received any hope from any of these quarters there was little evidence of it in her haggard coun-

tenance, as she went about her heart-breaking house duties in the absence of her son.

Finally, as if setting on some plan of action that held out a hope, she left her home for the prison, where she sought admittance to her son's cell. As she looked into his sad and ghastly face, her weary sorrowing old eyes belied the words of joy which she had come to bring, but she quickly resolved to carry out her purpose.

"My boy," she said, "Don't be sad and down-hearted. They are not going to kill you; they are only testing your courage. Stand up and face the up-raised rifles like a man. Show them that you have the qualities of your brave father."

Steve stood as if he were in a trance. His eyes dilated and his mouth opened wide. Suddenly he became conscious of what she had said.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "You don't mean it! They won't shoot me? I'll show the dirty——. I'll stand up and show them I'm not afraid."

The condemned boy was jubilant. Never before had he been so happy. Soon his mother left him. She knew now that he could face the squad bravely.

Before long the young deserter fell asleep. Several hours later he was aroused by the chaplain who had come to have prayer with him. He quickly told the chaplain that he didn't want to have any prayer. He laughingly added that he was going to die like a man.

Just before dawn the firing squad halted in front of his cell. The sergeant unlocked the door and motioned for him to come out. He was led to the court-yard and placed against the gray wall. The captain came forward to blind-fold him. The condemned sol-

(Continued on page 21)

COURTESY

E. W. CARPENTER, '26

It is difficult to explain exactly what causes a man to be courteous. There are so many admirable quantities from which courtesy may rise, it would be an injustice to single out one attribute and term it the prime motive. We do know that there are certain things which must exist in a man when he does a courteous deed. We may analyze the problem by considering a single deed and uncovering the motives that prompt the deed.

At the outset, courtesy demands that one must set aside pride. We are loath to defend pride, because it seems to help us retain many of our ideals. Considered in its truest phases, it is a type of exalted ego; distinguished from the ordinary ego, but sameness after all. There are many limitations and many definitions of courtesy. This baffling problem arises now when we say that pride must be thrust aside in courtesy. Courtesy was once the rigid formality that was required of nobility under certain circumstances. Then you might say, paradoxical as it may seem, that pride of rank was an actual reason for courtesy. This courtesy is a perverted type that deserves none of our attention. Rank and prestige by birth or authority started its decay years ago, and is now well nigh non-existent.

Courtesy also demands that one must be willing to be a little sacrificial. A sticker for personal rights might be devoid of chivalry. Courtesy calls for a bit of kindness—a willingness to subserve one's personal rights for the benefit of another's comfort or happiness. Courtesy comes astonishingly close to being the true altruistic deed when courtesy exists in its truest forms. To be truly courteous, one

must be willing to do more for the "other fellow" than he expects the other fellow to do for him.

There are physical reasons why the male should be courteous to the opposite and fairer of the human sexes. The physical reasons are not enough import to warrant the continuance of courtesy. If they alone were responsible for the many noble deeds that have been done under the banner of courtesy, then humans are certainly far less spiritual in nature than all present day indications make them out.

The South is reputed to raise courteous sons, but let us fear less we take matters too much for granted and forget the real meaning of courtesy. We cannot assign absolutely finite reasons why courtesy is and should be. Realism must be a minor detail in some parts of life. Courtesy results from idealism—the kind of idealism that brought our forefathers across unknown miles of watery dangers. Reason is limited in scope because it is a human product. Ideals are admittedly beyond human achievement, hence they are greater in scope. Fortunately, one does not risk life or reputation to adhere to the courteous manners that have been taught him since the day he wore a cap that he could raise to one, deserving respect. Courtesy is an investment that yields undetermined and bountiful dividends. So amid the hustle and rush of modernism; amid the era that is fast destroying foggy old customs and traditions and supplanting them with newer and better methods, and in the present day of scoffing let us not forget this one bit of idealism that is such a resplendent example of sacrifice and unselfishness. Be courteous, my lad!

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOON

W. T. HENRY, '26

Many assumptions have been set forth as to the probable origin of the moon, but the most plausible theory is the one recently announced by Dr. R. H. Rastall, lecturer in economic geology at the University of Cambridge. His theory is that the earth is the parent of the moon in more than a poetic sense, and that our satellite is made of material that was once part of the earth's crust.

Dr. Bastall's theory, however, differs from that of Darwin and others who have previously made similar suggestions, for he thinks that a layer of the earth's crust, about forty-one miles thick and covering about two-thirds of its total area, was peeled off by the attraction of the sun. This tidal action of the sun was effective while the crust was still in a plastic state, and the moon's own gravitational attraction caused it to roll up into a ball of the form we now see in the sky. The crustal area left on the earth formed the continents.

This theory also accounts for the accepted ideas that masses of lighter material should cover only about a third, the missing two-thirds consisting of the moon. Measurements of the moon's density by its effect on the earth show that it is about three and a half times as heavy as an equal volume of water. This is more dense than the average for the continental land masses, but Dr. Rastall assumes that at the time of the disruption some of the heavier underlying material was also torn away.

The new theory also fits in with the ideas recently set forth by a German geologist, Prof. Alfred Wegener, who believes the American continent was originally united with Europe and Africa, and that it floated away to its present place. This would not have been possible so long as the entire earth was covered with such a crust, but after the moon had been torn away it was possible for the continents to separate from their long embrace.



"UP IN THE AIR"

A. H. CHAPMAN, '27

It was a cold, snowy day in late December. A few hungry snow birds flitted from the woodshed to the dry side of the house in their effort to keep warm and find something to eat.

Inside the farmhouse the fire roared cheerily enough. The mother sat on one side of the fire with her sewing basket, darning socks; little Betty was intensely interested in her doll's clothes; Charley, the eighteen-year-old son, sat gazing into the glowing coals with a wistful look on his face.

"Just think, mother, said Charley, "I could be finishing one semester's work at college if I had not have been compelled to work here at home."

"That is true, son, "said his mother, "but you mustn't forget that sister is in school, and she needs help very badly."

"Yes, but why should I sacrifice my education altogether for this reason?

"You are not sacrificing your every chance, dear," returned his mother, "but you are young yet, and have plenty of time."

"Maybe you are right, mother," said Charley, "I will try to make the most of it."

Charley had finished the country graded school the past June, and was highly enthusiastic about entering a university in a neighboring state to study aviation. The greatest dreams of his boyhood were that some day he might become an aviator.

Somehow, the words of his mother, when she told him he had plenty of time and a good chance, seemed to sink deep into his mind, and fire him with greater determination to succeed. With this spirit of determination he managed, by the middle of January, to secure work with one of the leading merchants of the town, which was some eight or ten miles from his home. He worked so earnestly that in two months he was receiving a salary of sixty dollars a month, a large part of which he could save.

The following summer the war-cry of the ruthless Germans swept over the land with its awfulness. Charley was stirred very deeply, and felt an urgent call to join the allied army, but made preparations for entering the university which had been his choice for years. September the first, found him on his way to school. During the first few months Charley had a pretty hard time, but not nearly so hard as some of his classmates, who had never known any of the hardships of life. Months and months passed, and the great war continued its destructive work, while Charley became more and more determined to become a pilot and enter this great struggle.

Nearly three years after he had entered college, the United States entered the war. Charley was no slacker, his dream was about to be realized, and he enlisted in the Air Service. On account of his three years service he was soon detailed for overseas service.

A month later he was in very active training in France. His daily workout included every possible kind of maneuvering which he might need in actual fighting. These strenuous drills were destined to become an important factor in Charley's life sometime, and he applied himself well.

Finally, the day came for his first trip into enemy territory. The peculiar fascination of the attack seemed to eliminate all thought of danger. It took only a few hours flight to put the pilot and his observer into close proximity of the enemy. While scanning the ground with his field glasses, the observer suddenly grasped Charley by the shoulder and pointed to a tiny spot miles ahead of them. With his eyes on this spot, the pilot urged his plane ahead at full speed, and after a few minutes, their expectations that it might be an enemy plane were verified.

SWISH! All of a sudden sounded a bullet as it ripped thru the cloth on one of the wings of Charley's plane. The actual fight

had begun. The incessant clattering of the machine guns soon became familiar to the ears of the fliers.

That the enemy aviator was a god one could be ascertained by the way he handled his plane. He could carry it safely thru the most difficult positions. Charley tried to keep his plane above that of his enemy, but he had not been able to do so long at a time. In a final effort he opened the throttle fully and tilted the planes of the machine at a great angle—more than he had ever tried before. This was his only chance; so he took it. The frame of the strong De Haviland shook and quivered under the strain, but finally soared upward at a much greater rate of speed than Charley had expected, and in a few moments they were well above the enemy. Now the machine gun was turned down toward the enemy plane and rapid fire

was started. Charley nosed his plane downward and dived for the other plane while the observer kept the machine gun going. The Germans realized the close position and started zig-zaging in an effort to get from under the direct fire from Charley's plane. But Charley had been given special training for this kind of work, and now he used his training to best advantage. Finally, when at close range, Charley's observer landed the fatal shot. The German plane dropped into a tail-spin and headed with terrific speed toward the earth. Charley had succeeded in his first fight!

After they had safely landed,—for they were in friendly territory when the plane was brought down,—three officers came running to the plane cheering and shouting. Charley had been the main factor in helping to bring down the leading German ace.



FRANCIS

W. L. BAKER, '27.

How dark the night
When stars are dim:
As sad the plight
Of friendless men.

How rapt the praise
Of song well sung:
As sweet the days
When life is young.

How drab the bloom
On fading flowers:
As dreer the gloom
Of lonely hours.

How bright the day
When sunlight gleames:
As dear the play
Of faultless dreams.

How cold the snow
From sunless skies:
As wan the glow
Of loveless eyes.

How gay the harts
In woodlands fair:
As light our hearts
When love is there.

APRIL-FOOL'S DAY

M. A. JONES, '28

When did the custom of setting aside one day for foolishness originate? We are not the first ones to wonder and cast our opinions, for as far back as 1870 the "British Apollo" carried a lengthy discussion in its edition. Some authorities trace its beginning to the Celts in ancient France, who had a festival each year at this time for over two hundred and forty years in succession. Others assert that it came out of a miracle play which was presented each year about Easter time.

As might be thought from the name of this peculiar habit, we can trace it to the usual cause of all foolish things—women. From this we can draw a conclusion that we are not the only ones who have realized it, for even as far back at the time of the Romans there were many who had discovered this trait in the weaker sex. It so happened that one year the young Romans had a peaceful wooing. Needless to say, this was a serious state of affairs for the country to be in, so they deliberated on the question and decided to strike a keynote by playing upon the vanity of women. Little did they understand just how much of human nature they had learned when they discovered this characteristic which plays an important part in the life of all women. The present world would be a much better place to live in if the younger generation could only realize the truth of this factor and the best way to take advantage of it.

A study of the ancient mythology of Europe shows that the Romans made use of a good opportunity like this and completed a masterpiece of strategy, which worked without a hitch. About two weeks before the festival celebrating the period of the Vernal Equinox, or the day when the new year used to begin, these future husbands sent messengers all over the country broadcasting the news of a beauty contest which was to be held on the

last day of the rites. (As a word of explanation, the time of these festivities was the same as that occupied on our modern calendar by the last week of March and the first of April). This was one occasion when "all roads led to Rome." Immediately from every corner of the country there flocked all the maidens who were thought to be pretty, or who thought so themselves, each hoping to have the honor of being selected by the judges. The whole week was spent in preparation for the gala event, the girls did their "primping" and the men put on the finishing touches of their scheme.

The great day arrived! With the rising sun, the streets became filled with the beauties as they journeyed toward the old amphitheatre. By its unanimous ballot, the entire unmarried male population decided to be the judge and came down and occupied the seats around the arena, explaining that their decisions might be more justly made from the better view afforded. Since ignorance is bliss, the girls were satisfied with this present arrangement. As they were brought forth, one at a time, and introduced to the over-interest-audience, they were welcomed by many verbal acclamations. However, they did not know that the same group was cheering for each candidate with the same magnitude, hoping to add to the general illusion by these means. After each one had been given a chance at making a favorable impression of beauty, the girls were gathered together in the arena for the final decision to be made. At a given signal, the judges became would-be husbands and rushed down upon the astonished maidens, each grabbing the one whom he had previously selected. A mass wedding completed their strategem.

In remembrance on this wholesale deceit, ever afterwards they set aside the last day of

the festival as "Fool's Day" and a time for frivolities and mischievous acts. The custom rapidly spread over the world until now it is practiced in almost all of the European countries and the whole of North America. There is a Huli Festival in India and, at the same time, there is a Festival of Fools in France. Their victim is called "un poisson d'Avril" (An April Fish).

The joke is carried very far in Scotland; it takes but one experience as a victim for the participant to be cured for life. A simple illustration shows the manner in which they impose on a man's good nature. One person will send another to a friend's home, several miles away, under pretense of wanting some valuable papers which must be delivered safely, knowing all the time that he will be out when the messenger arrives. The note carried by the man instead being a warrant for the papers, bears the following inscription:

"On the first day of April,

Hunt the Gowk another mile."

("Gowk" is the same thing as "cuckoo" in our language.) The servant sees the joke at once and, giving the victim a new address, sends him off in search of the man who has the papers. As it is considered almost a criminal offense

to explain to the poor fellow about his mistake, everybody lets him continue his search in vain. About dusk he winds his way to his starting place only to receive a hearty laugh for all his trouble.

In 1860 the society group of London was the subject of a well-planned joke; each individual was sent one of the following cards:

Tower of London

Admit the bearer and Friend to view the Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on Sunday, April the First, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or their Assistants.

Cabs were rattling about the Tower Hill all Sunday morning, vainly endeavoring to discover the White Gate. To their chagrin, the next edition of the paper carried a full report of the incident.

Whether the feminine sex may be justly considered the one necessary evil is only a matter of opinion, but, realizing that women need a few compliments to add to their conceit, I believe that we should acknowledge our indebtedness to them for this delightful, yet foolish, custom.



Exchanges

THE COLLEGIAN

Presbyterian College, South Carolina

Of the five short stories in this February issue, none deserve especial mention. The general theme of each one is not bad, but the completed product is for the most part mediocre. They lack the lustre of good stories in that they incline toward being insipid narratives. This is true of the first one, "Two Men and Two Maids." The general plot of the story was good; beyond the ordinary. Yet it lacked development. It was nearly an outline. The others are fair, but are either unnatural or illogical in execution.

The three essays were very good. I might say that the writer of "Characteristics of Modern Drama" gave the first clear explanation of "mysticism" that this writer has yet read in a college publication. They all agree that mysticism is a part of modern drama, but your kind contributor seemed to be the first who really understood this characteristic.

The sketches represent worthy attempts. They are not very pleasing nor were they of much interest. The poems were all good in that they were meaningful and of a fair descriptive nature. It is a pleasure to note the absence of the usual maudlin school boy sentiment from your poems. The editorial department is well managed and well written. The thoughts are useful and worthwhile. The comments of the exchange editor were of that brief, pointed, and easily understood quality that makes criticism pleasant.

THE BASHABA

Coker College

Taken as an entirety this diminutive sized magazine is a gem of literary compositions. Your editor has set a high standard for the literary contest, and has also edited the material in a very interesting manner.

The sole criticism that could be made of the short stories is the fact that just occasionally the speech used by the male characters does not ring true to masculinity. However, it is very seldom that the usual writer of the fairer sex approaches so nearly to the correct.

The sketches were far above the average quality. The writers seemed to be feeling the thoughts they wrote. Some amateurs are oft inclined to write a sketch that is imitative of some other they have read. The finished product of such an attempt is usually a jumble of words that are well nigh meaningless.

In finale the book reviews are excellent. The review of "Barren Ground" was remarkably written, condensed to just the correct length, and above all these it was enhancingly interesting—an unusual thing for a student's book review.

THE CAROLINIAN

University of South Carolina

This college publication is one of the largest editions that keeps the standard of its contents on a par with its volume. There are a few weak spots in the issue, but even they would pass as the best among the magazines of some of our contemporaries.

Among the good poems "The Song of a Beggar" and "The Swamp" are perhaps the best. The first expresses appealing sentiment that is devoid of insipidness. The other is a fine description of a swamp. The excellent figures used in the description are pleasingly shocking when contrasted with the ordinary product of aspiring young poets.

Adjectives alone can describe the three excellent essays in this issue. They are interesting, informative, well constructed, and of a high thought content. The diction of these essays is among the very best this writer has chanced to read.

DON'T LAUGH—SYMPATHIZE

H. S. GUALT, '27

A man in love's a helpless thing,
As helpless as can be.
Just like a ship without a mast,
Tossed on a stormy sea.

He cannot sleep, forgets to eat,
And does not even care
What day or week or month it is,
As long as SHE is there.

Each day he worships at her shrine
With reverence pure and true;
As humble as a slave is he,
Her biddings all to do.

But when of ceaseless praise and pow'r,
The heartless damsel tires,
She casts him back from whence he came,
And seeks for brighter fires.

It's sad but true, 'tis what they'll do
'Bout nine times out of ten.
So lad beware, look for the snare,
And don't be one of them.

AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS

C. P. PHILPOT, '28

"Well, the worst has happened and I must leave college", said Jack Ranning as he opened the door of room 173, Middle Barracks. The speaker was a tall, well-built youth of nineteen years and was dressed in the uniform of a Clemson cadet.

His chum, seated at a table near the window, looked up in surprise and asked, "Is it that bad, Jack? Is there nothing more to be done?"

Jack said nothing for a few moments, but looked straight ahead with a half defiant air. Then as if to himself, he answered, "No, I have been found guilty and must leave, but I will show them yet that I can be a man."

The above conversation took place on January 19, 1902. Two days before this, according to college authorities, Jack Ranning had stolen a turkey from one of the campus residents. For this crime he was sentenced to leave college.

On the afternoon of January 19th a small group of boys was gathered at the small station of Calhoun to see their chum, Jack, on his way home. The train whistle blew, farewells were said, and Jack Ranning left Clemson to return only after about twenty-two years.

At this point the scene shifts to two years later. It is Commencement Day at Cornell and in the chapel are gathered the students and the friends of those who are to receive diplomas. In the line of graduates there is a familiar face, for Jack Ranning is about to receive his diploma as a Mechanical Engineer. As he looks over the audience, he sees, not the faces of his friends, who are eager to congratulate him, but a little room back at Clemson. Again he repeats to himself, "I will yet show them that I can be a man."

Again the scene changes—the time has advanced to May 1924. Our story has shifted to a well furnished office of one of the large automobile companies in Detroit. A handsome

man is seated at a desk upon which is spread many letters and blue-prints. As he reads the letter which is in his hands, let us look at him more closely. He is perhaps forty years old. We are at once attracted by the glint of his steel gray eyes and the determined set of his chin. His hair has that silver-gray tinge which gives the distinguished appearance to our modern business man. There is a familiar something about his whole appearance which causes our mind to go back and remember the Jack Ranning of old.

Before him on his desk is a letter which bears the official stamp of Clemson A. & M. College. He has just finished reading it. As he sits back in his chair he says, half to himself, "So they want me to come back and get my diploma at Clemson. Yes, I will go back, for I hold no hard feelings against dear old Clemson."

As a result of these meditations, Jack Ranning boarded the train the next day, and after many hours of hard travel saw the old familiar station at Calhoun, from which he had departed more than twenty-two years before. Clemson was in its usual bustle of commencement times, but the greatest surprise of all was the fact that all of Jack's classmates of the class of 1902 were at the train to meet him. Many celebrations took place in honor of the returned son of Clemson.

Commencement Day dawned clear and beautiful. The Corps, in dress uniform, marched to chapel where the closing exercises were to be held. After the diplomas had been given to the graduates, Jack Ranning was called up. In an impressive speech, the speaker told of the life of Ranning, of a hard fight for success, and a victory well worth the fight.

This, then, was the culmination of a life work and the fulfillment of a great purpose. Perhaps, as Jack received his diploma, he said to himself, "I have shown the world that I can be a man in the face of difficulty."

THE OLD STONE CHURCH

R. M. FOSTER, '26

About midway between Pendleton and Clemson College, and south of the road that runs between these two places, stands the Old Stone Church. Although its walls are grey and moss covered, they are as strong as they were one hundred years ago. In gazing upon it there comes to one a feeling of sacredness because of the numerous traditions that surround the place with an invisible strain of memories and sacred associations. One cannot help having peculiar feelings upon entering those quaint old doors and gazing upon the aged and scarred seats and fixtures. This feeling was left by the man who first struggled to erect the church as a meeting place for the devout men and women who were the pioneers in this beautiful section of the foothill region.

On October 13, 1789, a "people on the Seneca" petitioned the South Carolina Presbytery for a minister. This was just six months after George Washington had taken the oath of office as the President of the United States. The petition was granted and a minister, Rev. John Simpson, a native of New Jersey and a Princeton graduate, was sent to this new section to begin work among the founders of the church. The newly formed congregation took the name of "Hopewell" from the name of the home of General Pickens.

The first church was built in 1791 from roughly hewed logs. After a few years the log structure was replaced by a stone one. The first load of stone was hauled by a man named Robensen, who now lies buried in the graveyard near the church.

In 1828 the membership of the church had dwindled to fifty-nine and it was decided to transfer the meeting to Pendleton rather than to try to continue meeting in the Stone Meeting House. So from that time on, the Old Stone Church was left alone with its memories to stand for years to come as a monument

to the religious life of the early settlers of that community.

The large and beautiful graveyard of the Old Stone Church furnishes the resting places for many interesting and famous persons. This is, perhaps, what gives the whole place its atmosphere of hallowed memories. Here is it that General Andrew Pickens lies buried beside his wife, who was a Calhoun and an aunt of John C. Calhoun. Besides his parents lies Governor Andrew Pickens, who as governor was known for his excellent judgment. Here, too, lie the remains of a Confederate soldier, Willie Poe who was shot down while trying to hold up the colors of the Palmetto Volunteers, he being the twelfth man to be killed in the same attempt.

Connected with this graveyard is a very interesting tradition, and negroes of this section still believe in this tradition. B. F. Perry, who was afterwards elected governor of South Carolina, fought a duel with a man named Bynum, on an island in the headwaters of the Savannah river. Bynum was killed, and was buried in the graveyard of the Old Stone church. The burial took place at night—a dark, rainy night, and the body was brought from the wagon to the grave on two green pine saplings. After the burial, the saplings were stuck up at the head and foot of the grave, and these poles took root and grew to be large trees. During the Reconstruction days the negroes claimed that on moonlight nights the ghost of Bynum could be seen walking over the graveyard with a long duelling pistol in each hand, challenging all persons to a duel. There is an account that involves this superstition. It was during the Reconstruction period of history, and the negroes of this section were having a Jim Crow meeting in the Old Stone Church. Manse Holly, a daring

Continued on page 21



You can't steal first base. You can steal second base, you can steal third base and maybe you can steal home plate but you can't steal the first lap on life's round.

There are always those who believe that they can steal the first lap—instead of earn in life's old game. Your friends may yell for you—they may even try to push you, but in order for you to get a start you must wallop the old pill of success and be your own self-starter. Competition is pitching against you and he will continue to pitch the rest of your life—if you hit him then you have your start. Are you on a winning team?

"The man who wins is the man who dares to look in Misfortune's face;

Who pushes ahead with a right good air, no matter how hard the pace,

With a thankful heart for the smiling sky and a thankful heart for the rain—

He finds each day will more than pay for Yesterday's toil and pain!"

The Chronicle is glad to know that the Lutheran students and certain faculty members have organized a Lutheran Sunday School and Church at Clemson.

Services are held once a month in the "Y" building and Rev. J. E. Smith of Greenville has been officiating.

At present, there are twenty-eight Lutheran students at Clemson and five families on the campus. We sincerely hope that this infant Church will continue to grow until a much larger church is established.

The progress of a nation can be traced directly to the physical development of its people. The success of any race depends primarily upon the physical condition of that race. The ancient Greeks realized the value of robust physiques and devoted much of their time to the physical development of their young men. The luxuriant Romans ridiculed their toiling brothers, but bowed their curly heads in defeat before these same athletes.

Napoleon's great empire fell at the battle of Waterloo and it can be no question, but that the hard bodies, keen minds, and strong hearts of his opponents, were the potential factors in his downfall.

The question is: Do we as college students really appreciate the value of physical training in our schools? So many of us are prone to give our "human machines" very little attention. It is not only a pleasure to engage in sports or athletics, but it is our duty.

The greatest gift a fellow can have is good health.

We are happy. Why? because spring holidays are here. Won't it be great to go home again? "Yes, Mother, pass the chicken and cake", oh boy! Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?

F. B. L.

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History prof.—So you believe that we should declare a moratorium in the case of European debts.

Student—Not at all. We should allow them two or three years before beginning payment, however.

“Two murders and one seduction in the first reel,” cried J. Stitt Reformer in a recent lecture on modern conditions.

“What’s the name of the picture,” came in a loud voice from the rear of the audience.

The following are quotations from examination papers of pupils in Miss Lena Gainster’s school for the mentally inert:

Jesse James wrote the King James version.

Chemistry is the science in which alcohol is studied.

H. L. Menken is the author of “Shepherd of the Hills”.

The statue of liberty is a law protecting the rights of American citizens.

Mary—So young Dr. Smith is coming to see you now?”

Jane—Yes, he comes to see me every night. It makes me feel important to think that I’m getting something for nothing, when it costs everybody else five dollars.”

Ed, the smooth college boy, was in desperation, for he had a date with “her” that week, and was financially defunct. In haste he telegraphed his father:

“No fun—no mon—

Your Son.”

Imagine his dismay upon receipt of the following:

“Too bad—so sad—

Your Dad.”

Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady’s puppy)—Madam, I will replace the animal.

Indignant Owner—Sir, you flatter yourself.

THE JAZBO BIRD

C. E. HAWKINS

Perhaps you have heard of the jazbo bird—

A peculiar bird is he.

With a head like a pot and a brain that isn’t—

A wonderful sight to see.

“Did you go to that dance” or “Yes, she’s keen stuff”

Is the guff he always relates.

Laugh with him and at him and quote him verbatim—

But you’re sick—and not of something you ate.

His wide legged pants and his air so aesthetic—

He’d drop if you were to say “Boo”.

His mind is a book and his talk like a brook

Of what? I don’t know, do you?

Bootlegger (to man shing)—Have any luck?
Man—No.

Bootlegger—Try some of this on your bait.

Man pours something from bottle over the worm on the hook and lowers it into the water.

Soon a great slashing about is heard and the line is jerked up. The worm had a stranglehold on a catfish and was punching him in the eye with his tail.—The Harvard Crimson.

“I’m off”, cried the cation as he leaped for the cathode.

The ideal military man should wake up fifteen minutes before reveille, jump out of bed with the left foot foremost, “dress up” in front of a mirror, brush his hair with a military hair-brush, and cut all corners with flank movements—and then go back to bed.

Sam—Who was that lady I saw you with last Sat’dy?

Lamb—Was’nt no lady. My brother’s wife.

“What was that Shakespeare said about woman?”

Oh, no! Sherman said that about war.”

THE SOPHOMORE’S STORY

H. S. GAULT

Listen my newboys and you shall hear,
Of the brutal hazing of my “rat year”.
It began in September of twenty-four,
And I doubt if you’ll find a Sophomore
Who doesn’t recall the time with fear.

They took all our money and showed us our rooms,
Where the old boys met us with paddles and brooms;
They dusted our trousers, turned over our beds,
Made us make speeches then shaved all our heads.

We’d go to the mess-hall—how hungry we’d be,
And back we would come, but still famished were we;
For the tables were long and would seat thirty-two,
The waiters were lazy, and the eats were few.
“Rats” sat at the foot, old boys at the head—
They ate all the “bull”—we ate “zip” and bread.

And when from their doors, “newboy”, they would call,
We’d fly from our rooms and race down the hall.
We swept out their rooms, and water we’d “tote”,
Enough, I am sure, to float a steam-boat.

So thru the long year we somehow survived,
And most of the freshmen came out alive.
That’s all now newboys, I’ll wind up my yarn,
You may b’lieve it or leave it—I don’t give a darn.

COMIN' SOON

M. H. WOODWARD, '28

De birds dey am a' singin'
An' good news dey am a'bringing,
Of de good ol' days a'comin' roun' de bend, .

De plough boys am a shoutin'
An de young corn am a sproutin'
An I know that cold old winter's at an end.

When de lightnin' bugs start lightin'
An de molly-perch starts bitin'
An de crickets fly a singin by de door,

I'll get out my fishin' line,
An I'll leave my shoes behind.
An try to be a barefoot boy once more.

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IN THE ARCADE

THE OLD STONE CHURCH

(Continued from page 14)

young man of the community, heard of the meeting, and as he was always glad of a chance to terrorize the negro, he came early and hid in the balcony that runs across the back of the church. Soon after the negroes assembled, the place was full of fumes of cheap whiskey and burning kerosene. Suddenly a noise was heard—and out of the balcony rose a tall white figure with a pistol in each hand. One look was enough to convince the terrified negroes that this was in reality the ghost of the dueller, Bynum. No more was needed to convince the assembled blacks that they had business elsewhere; so with a rush they all made for the door and the hills beyond.

Other places may boast of greater age, or of more great men, but no place can boast the

possession so fraught, with the feeling that the men who lie there are living still as memories, and that they are keeping watch over the place until the end of time is here.

THE DESERTER

(Continued from page 3)

dier motioned him away saying in his new found bravery and his most unconcerned manner, "I don't want to be blind-folded, I am a true American and I know how to die."

The astonished captain stepped to one side and motioned to the sergeant that he was ready.

"Ready, aim—FIRE!" commanded the sergeant. An instant later the lifeless body of Steve Huntley crumpled to the ground. His mother's wish had been fulfilled—he had faced death with courage. And only she knew why.

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